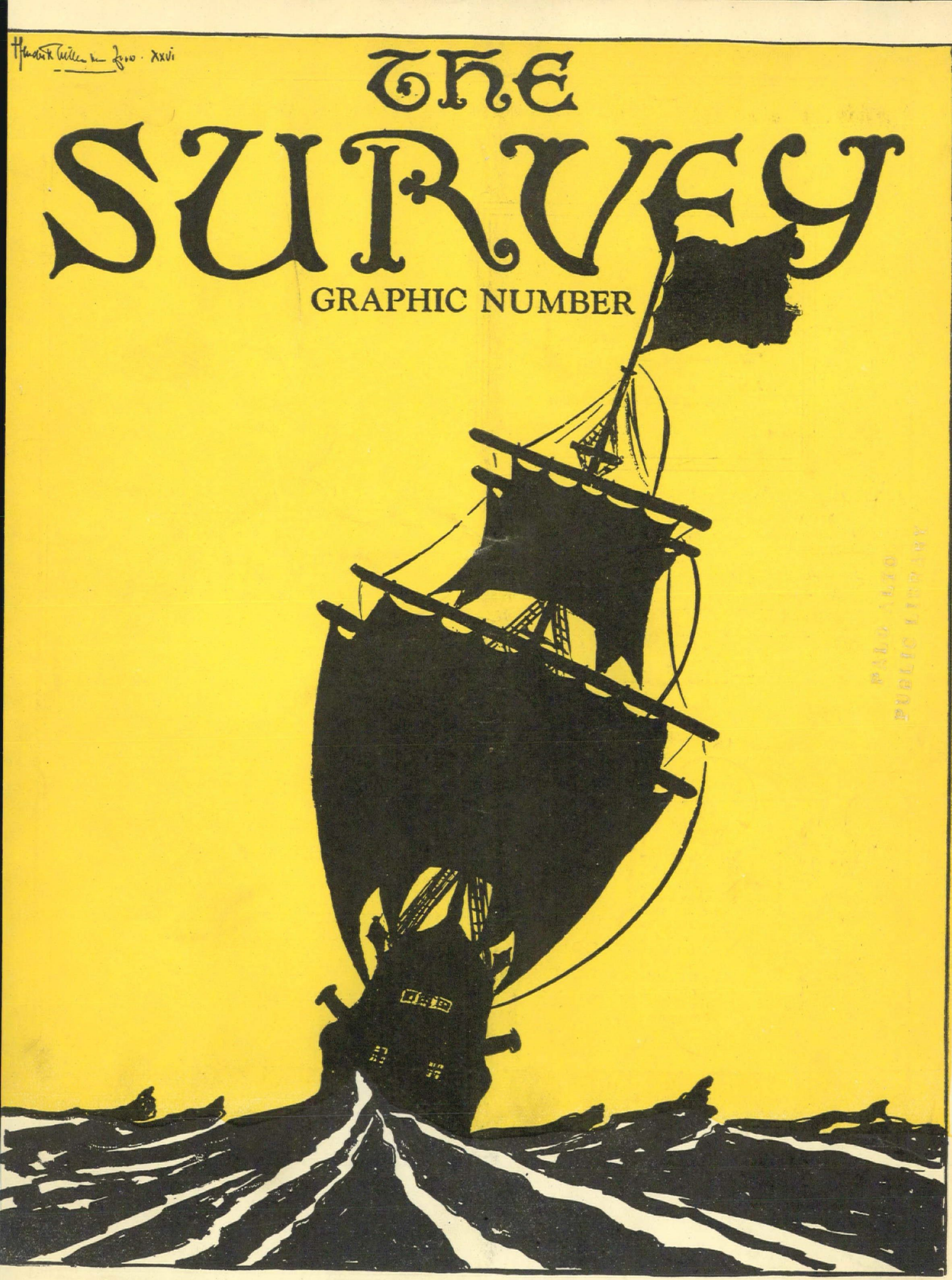
Hendrik Willem Van Loon · XXVI

THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER



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The Division of Awards for Constructive and Creative Achievement of the Harmon Foundation announces the following series of awards which will be administered through Survey Associates.

1. *An award of $1,000 with medal to the individual who, in the opinion of the judges, has been responsible, during the calendar year 1926, for the creation, introduction, or development of a distinctive contribution to the social, civic or industrial welfare. This achievement will not be measured by magnitude or immediate results, but rather by the potentiality of the project as a leavening influence in our American life.*

A jury of five chosen by Survey Associates, will decide the award.

The award is not competitive in a literal sense, and, while nominations are invited, exclusively by mail, the judges will not be restricted to a choice from such nominations. Honorable mention with medal will be awarded to others, who in the opinion of the judges merit such recognition. Address Jury Harmon-Survey Award 1, c/o Survey Associates, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.

2. *An award of $500 to the author of the article, appearing in 1926 in any American periodical or newspaper, which in the opinion of the judges makes the most distinctive contribution of the year to social or industrial welfare in the United States.*

This award will be based, broadly speaking, on the success of the writer in dramatizing or interpreting his subject or project, so as to reach and influence the lay public, as well as the freshness, authenticity, and social import of the material itself.

The award will be decided by a jury of five journalists and social workers appointed by the Harmon Foundation.

To be considered for the award, articles must be submitted by mail in their printed form by the author, editor, or others interested, and reach Jury Harmon-Survey Award 2, c/o Survey Associates, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y., prior to noon, December 31, 1926.

3. *Four quarterly awards of $250, $100, $50 (12 awards in all) to the writers of short articles on social, civic or industrial subjects.*

These awards will be granted to the writers of brief unpublished manuscripts submitted in four competitions carried on throughout the publishing year 1926-7 for the Harmon Foundation by Survey Associates, Inc.

Each quarterly competition will be in some designated field of social, civic or industrial endeavor. The successful manuscripts will be published simultaneously in the Survey Graphic and in a group of collaborating newspapers whose readers will thus be encouraged to take advantage of the competitions.

Survey Associates will designate the fields and choose the juries.

The First Quarterly Award

THE first of these quarterly competitions will be for an account, of not less than 1,000 nor more than 2,500 words in length, of some experiment, invention, or achievement in the field of the Promotion of the Public Health.

Manuscripts must reach the jury, addressed "Jury, Harmon-Survey Award 3, c/o The Survey, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.," not later than noon, June 30, 1926. Manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, on one side of the paper only. For identification, manuscripts must be signed with a pen name, and accompanied by a sealed plain envelope marked with the pen name and containing inside the envelope the real name and address of the author. Manuscripts are submitted at the owners' risk of loss through the mail, etc. No manuscript will be returned unless stamps are enclosed for postage.

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

FOR YEARS readers of The Survey have been following—and many of them have been sharing—Joseph K. Hart's passionate belief that education somehow involved life and all the processes of life, and that it defied institutionalizing, standardizing, regimentation. Last summer Professor Hart visited the Danish countryside to study at first-hand the Danish folk highschools. He came back glowing with the discovery that here in a tiny rural nation the secret of education as he understood it had been splendidly realized. In this number he offers the first of a group of three articles which bear testimony to that discovery in a fashion that may point the way for American achievement too.

THE kind of news that New York and New Jersey newspaper readers have been finding on their front pages, and that Massachusetts and Connecticut readers have seen before and may see again—old-fashioned strike news—points to a condition in the textile industries that remains one of the major unsolved problems under the surface of our current prosperity. Miss Amidon, who joined the staff of The Survey last fall, reports and interprets the Passaic woolen workers' strike in terms of the underlying problem of intercommunication between labor and management (p. 10).

WHILE the impasse at Geneva monopolized most of the space which the newspapers gave to foreign relations during the month, Mr. McDonald looks nearer home for his leading comment on our new international frontiers in his department on p. 13. In the next issue of Survey Graphic, which will be entirely devoted to Oriental-American relations, the department will be omitted, but Mr. Rich, who directs the oriental research bureau of the Foreign Policy Association, will write specifically on the current political aspects of our contact with China and Japan.

IT is familiar news that we can hammer down sickness and death rates, but even the point-by-point drop in a statistical index is less dramatic than the audacious announcement that an organized effort is under way to wipe out a disastrous disease in the trifling period—as scientific progress goes—of five years. The Lewis Hine photographs on pp. 15-17 tell that kind of story.

THE third of Dr. Cabot's articles on the borderland of ethics and various walks of life takes him into the field of business, and on p. 18 he opens a discussion not only of ethical attitudes in business but of the manifold attempts which business men have been making to formulate their own ethical codes.

DEEP-LYING questions in the present and future of industrial relations, and of the democratic principle at work in a modern world, come to the surface in Mr. Bruère's study of a company union in the General Electric works at West Lynn, Massachusetts (p. 21).

HERE is another of Eleanor Rowland Wembridge's stories of youth and the hurdles it must take on the way to maturity (p. 28). Tony and Mamie pit themselves against the attempts of their mother and her stolid lodger to manage their own enterprising lives. And Steve—youth must have an idol, so what is to be done when the best that offers itself is Steve? Mrs. Wembridge's volume of stories, Other Peoples' Daughters—several of which first saw print in the pages of The Survey, has just been published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

BORN on a prairie farm and professor of English in a middle western college, the University of Iowa, Edwin Ford Piper, whose poem, Joe Chimneyman, appears on page 32, has endeavored in his poems to retain the flavor of prairie life. A recent volume, Barbed Wire, gives tragic dramas of homesteader life and sharp and lovely pictures of the plains country.

FRED HOWE reviews the comments gathered together in the February Graphic under the title Where are the Pre-War Radicals? He decides (p. 33) that no one has answered his question, but goes on to illuminate it with keen analysis of our universal passion for evangelism, and of his own faith.

A STIRRING and audacious effort to catch in music, the stage and the dance the tortured spirit of the American city—the ballet Skyscrapers recently produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company—is suggested in pictures and briefly interpreted by Alice Holdship Ware (p. 35).

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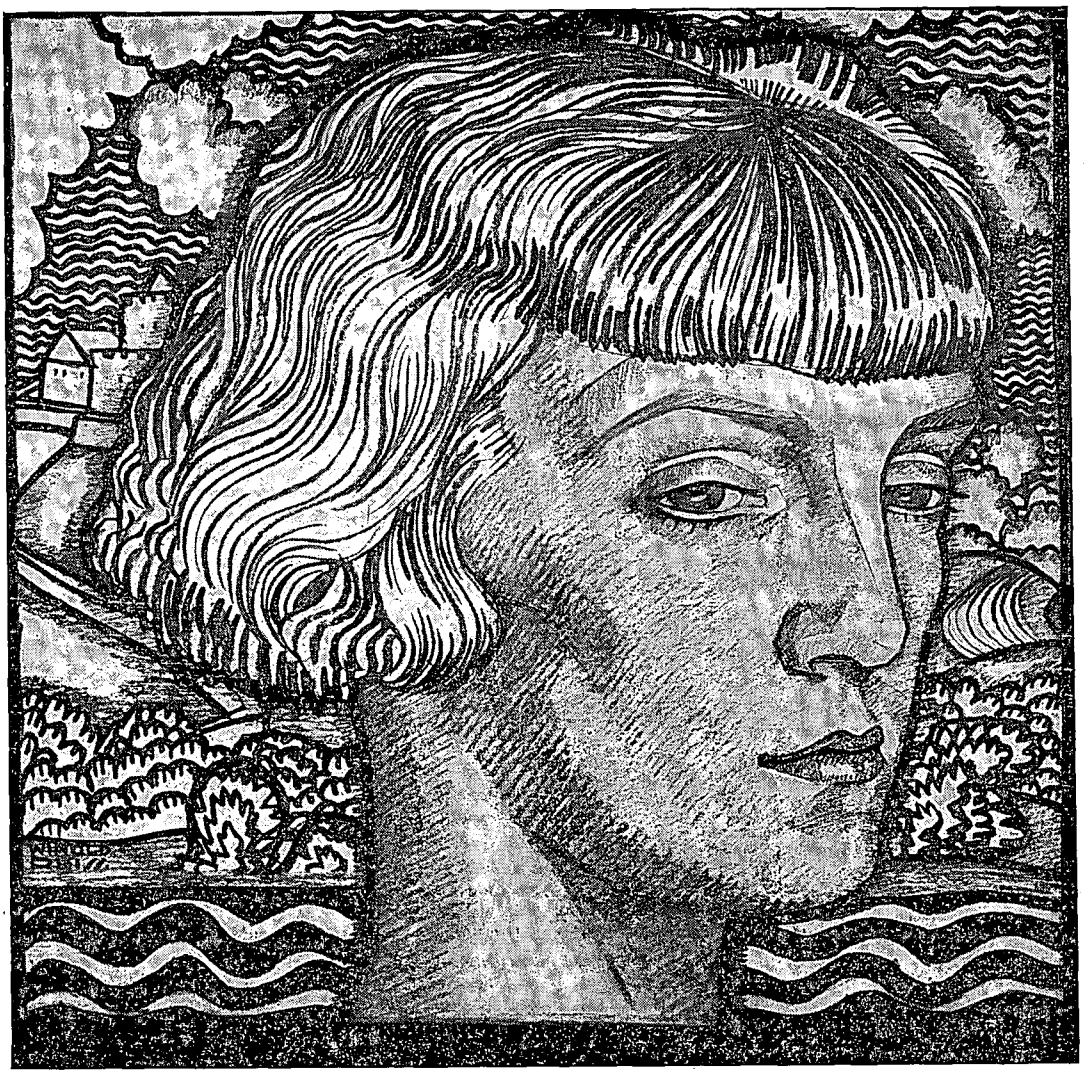

Drawn by Winold Reiss

SCANDINAVIA

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

APRIL 1, 1926

Volume LVI
No. 1

The Plastic Years

How Denmark Uses Them in Education for Life

By JOSEPH K. HART

Linoleum cuts by Margaret Schloemann

"I wanted to learn," says Professor Hart of his journey to Denmark last summer, "how this small northern people had been able to transmute what was called education into the substance of civilized independence." This is the first of three articles in which he tells what he found and what it purports for American education.

A LITTLE off the beaten tracks of tourist travel and, therefore, largely still unknown to the rest of the world, one of the smaller European peoples has been developing, through the last half century, a rural and village civilization that is regarded by those who know it at first hand as the wonder of the age. The Danish farmer is so nearly the master of his own economic and cultural destiny that he may rightly be described as independent. This mastery of destiny presents a striking contrast to the drift in American agricultural life today.

Fifty years ago, the American pioneer, having just about come through in his long struggle with the wilderness, was beginning to "sit pretty" on his own quarter section of fertile land, and was being hailed at home and abroad as one "envied of kings." A local poet of the times sang of him:

Let sailors sing of ocean deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer.

He loves his country and his friends,
His honesty's his armor,
He's nature's nobleman in life,
The independent farmer.

But today the very term "independent farmer" has almost disappeared from our language. The growth of tenantry; migratory workers in rural districts; chronic unrest in all the agricultural states; rural families "on the move" all over the country; the city-ward drift from the farms: tendencies like these show how little of that legendary independence remains to the American farmer.

Let us look at the Danish scene during the same period. Sixty years ago, the Danish farmer was still a peasant, living after the immemorial fashion of European peasantries and practicing agricultural arts that had not changed since Neolithic times. But about 1865 a profound revolution began in rural Denmark. Today the peasant type has all but disappeared from the land. In his place we find the most modern of farmers, with scientific technics at his command and practicing an agriculture—in all its varied branches—such as can be found nowhere in America except on the experimental farms of the agricultural colleges. Moreover, along with this technical advance, the Danish rural population has developed an intelligence that, in the words of an official of the state, "has made it capable of creating and successfully operating the several vast co-operative enterprises of the nation and of governing its own affairs and managing its own interests . . . in a discriminating manner." With all this, these former Danish peasants have become one of the two most powerful political influences in the land. In the light of what has happened to the American farmer within this same period, should we not be justified in saying that Denmark has produced either the last of the independent farmers, or, maybe, the first really independent farmers the world has ever known?

But such independence does not come by accident; neither is it, in any observed case, the gift of a bountiful Providence. As the world goes, it is something that must be achieved by those who would possess it. The existence of such an independent type in the modern world drew me—as it has drawn hundreds of others— to Denmark last summer. I wanted the explanation of the facts. When I asked for the secret, from all sides came a single answer: It is the work

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of the People's Highschools; the rural highschools are responsible.

I was not unprepared for this reply. I had known something about these schools. I had read books about them by both foreign and American authors, and numerous magazine articles. To be sure, the books and articles were not altogether illuminative because the writers seemed to be doing their best to explain the Danish schools in terms of our own conceptions of education—that is, in terms of schooling. When I tried to fit them into my own experience—as a teacher in rural schools in Indiana and Washington; as a high school teacher in Iowa and Illinois; as a college teacher in Kansas, Washington and Oregon; as a worker in adult education enterprises in Seattle, Portland and New York city—something was always left over: the explanations did not explain—the essence of the matter "slipped through the language and escaped."

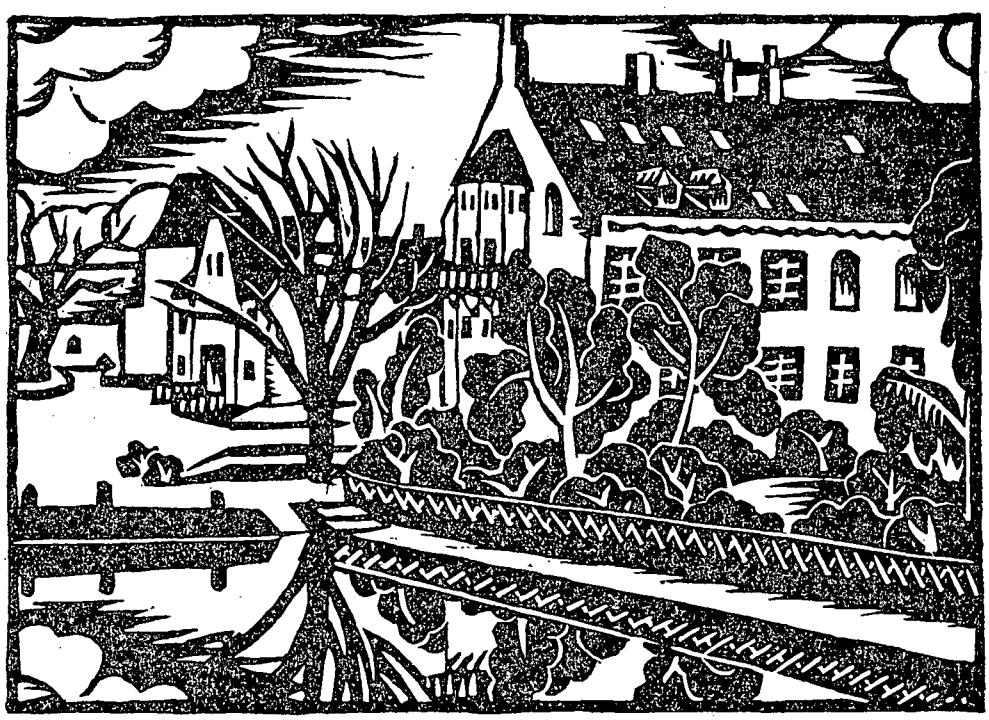
SLOWLY, through the years, there had been growing up within me the conviction that education—in the sense of the totality of stimulations and opportunities for response afforded the individual—must play an increasing part in releasing, developing and shaping to creative uses the native energies of the human spirit. I had long been working to help make our own schools conceive their service in this mood. I had come, more and more, to believe that our democracy was suffering from avoidable poverty of the spirit because we were ignoring the undiscovered wealth of our individual and community life. It seemed to me that to think of education as something to be got over with in the few years of childhood and youth was to confess a serious failure of the imagination; that such an education could never bring us to our true human estate; and that, unless we could make our education co-extensive with life and experience, the education of children must degenerate—as it is always in danger of doing—into the deadly grind of the schools. I had taught little children, and high school youths, and college men and women. I had worked for years helping prepare teachers to be educational leaders of their communities rather than mere mechanical drudges in class rooms. When denied the opportunity longer to do work of this sort, I had taken up the teaching of adults on new lines. In this connection, this Danish type of "people's education" had first come to my attention. Out of my then boundless ignorance of the matter, I had helped to establish a school, in the Pennsylvania highlands, which was to have been the leader of a similar popular educational movement in America.

My interest was profound, but my ignorance out-bulked it. I gave it up and turned student, instead. I went to Denmark to find the Danish answer at first hand. Here were two not unrelated phases of existence—a civilization whose key-note was independence, and an education organized on novel lines. I wanted to learn how this small northern people had been able to transmute what was called education into the substance of civilized independence.

I WAS not unprepared, therefore, for the answer everywhere given me. But I was not able, at first, to accept it as a complete explanation of the facts. It seemed too simple—to one used to the massive machineries of our American system. For—in a word—I found only this, that broadly arranged social and intellectual stimuli were made to play—in an atmosphere of utmost freedom—upon the plastic minds of young adults. That only: nothing more. And out of that—I was asked to believe—came the best of Danish education, out of which, in turn, came the best of Danish civilization. It seemed to me that no single factor could account for all the complex changes that have taken place in individual and group life in Denmark in these fifty years.

I had to admit, however, that an education that could acquire such a reputation at home, as well as abroad, must have something profoundly significant in its character. The whole situation became the subject of absorbed observation and study for weeks; and though, in the end, I had to leave Denmark with many questions still unanswered, I had reached some conclusions which cheered me and enriched the hopes that have for many years lain closest to my heart. I shall set down here as much as I can of what unfolded before me. Let me begin with some more familiar facts—to fill in the background.

THE idea embodied in these Danish schools was first suggested in 1832—nearly a century ago. The first school was attempted in 1844. It failed. The first successful one was opened in 1859. It took twenty-seven years to get this new idea at work in a single school. Since 1864, that is, since Denmark's disastrous second war with Prussia, the idea and the movement have spread rapidly. There are now some sixty of these schools located in various parts of



Ryslinge højskole

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The first höjskole: Christian Kold's house

the country; and some 300,000 young people have passed through them in the last fifty years—most of these in the last twenty, so that it is estimated that about 30 per cent of the present adult rural and village population has been, at one time or another, in these schools. These figures help to explain the cultural interests of the village, and the esteem in which these schools are held. The idea seems to have been very effective after it got started. What was that idea?

The underlying idea [says a Danish writer] was due in its original form to the late Bishop, N. S. F. Grundtvig. What this distinguished poet-prelate aimed at was not the creation of another "school for knowledge." What young people needed or desired of actual concrete information or skill could be assured to them at some one or another of the numerous seats of more or less scientific learning already in existence, with which the "people's highschool" is so far from wishing to complete that it has even, time and again, been held up as their very antithesis. The idea of Grundtvig was that this new school should, before and beyond all else, concern itself with awakening and developing the *sense of responsibility* in the young—women as well as men, and thus assist them to become good citizens, each one capable of filling in a worthy manner his or her place in the world. This result was to be accomplished chiefly by means of the "living word" in the form of lectures. . . . For these reasons, the instruction given in these schools has always been strongly marked by the personality of the individual teachers; and it has aimed, above everything else, at developing *the individuality of the pupils.*

Here was something new under the sun—to an American. It was not that the words were strange, but—to use Mark Twain's conceit—the tune was unfamiliar. If what this Danish authority says were true these schools would present at least three startling divergences from the conventional in American education.

In the first place, these schools exist not to give the students information or skills, but to awaken their personalities and to develop their sense of responsibility. The public schools, the Latin schools, the vocational schools and the university are depended upon to defend and inculcate the ancient learnings and the needful skills: these folk schools stand to conserve the moral and intellectual integrity of the individual student against all external compulsions.

Second, these schools do not teach lessons out of books. The teachers must be equal to the task of carrying along the educational process without the interposition of books; and the student must be equal to the still greater task—the most important task any student can ever undertake—of becoming *reconciled to the use of his own judgment*—to use the words of an American educator. This result, unfortunately, is one which few students in "regular schools" ever come within sight of. It is the heart of the whole matter, as we shall see, in these Danish folk schools.

The third divergence from our conventions is this, that these schools are not avenues of escape from work and responsibility. Through them work is to be made intelligent, and responsibility is to be touched with imagination and rescued from both drudgery and the spirit of petty tyranny. In other words, this education is not to be a means either of escape from life, or of complete submergence in a changeless past: it is to liberate the student into a resourceful and creative future. He is to be a citizen of that future. He must learn, therefore, how to make his own eventual present the sort of an age in which it will be his delight to dwell.

In short, these schools were to help the young person become an intelligent, independent individual, who none the less would recognize his responsibility to his own age, and would accept his full share of the constructive tasks of civilization. But is not this theoretical product of these schools just our former acquaintance, the independent cooperative farmer of the Danish country-side? *Theory* and *result*

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seem here to have definite correlation. This might be a coincidence. Things may have just happened this way. Before such an important conclusion can be admitted, we shall do well to have a look at one of these schools in actual operation.

I VISITED several of them in the full swing of their work. I spent some weeks in careful study of their methods, processes, aims and results. I talked with teachers and directors (most educated Danes speak English). I shared in the common life. I listened in on lectures, the general trend of which, even in the unfamiliar Danish, I could not wholly mistake. And I caught the feel of a splendid cultural intelligence which expressed itself in everything.

I reached the school at Ryslinge—on the island of Fyn, the finest farming area of the nation—at nine, just in time for the first lecture. A visitor, the director of the Royal Library, Copenhagen, who was traveling over Denmark in the interest of library extension, was to lecture on Great Books I Have Known. Though he spoke in Danish, he could not keep his meanings entirely hidden from me. The students avidly followed this splendid master of the world of books through great, new ranges of time and space and experience. The hour began and closed with a song.

At ten, we were turned out into the open world. The students—all young women: these schools are open to men for a five months term each winter, and to women for a somewhat shorter term, each summer—went to the open gymnasium for an hour of recreation. The teachers went about their appointments, with visitors, or with individual students. I was left free to get my bearings and to see the setting of the school.

Ryslinge Highschool is one of the oldest of the schools. It was in this little village that Christian Kold, a practical teacher, who had assimilated the idea of the new education which Grundtvig had proposed, began, in 1859, the first successful effort along this line. He opened his own little cottage to the fifteen students who came—the advance guard of the 300,000 to follow; and he did most of the teaching himself. That old cottage still stands, much as he left it; but the work begun there grows from year to year.

The present Ryslinge school has a place of its own at the edge of the village. There are buildings adequate to the simple housing of the student body, and the teachers and their families: a dormitory for a hundred and twenty-five students; a dining hall for the school community; lecture and other meeting halls; recreation facilities; and a wonderful garden. Nothing in Denmark, either private or public, is complete without its garden. The buildings are laid out in a compact quadrangle, through which runs a street. The garden, which seems without limits, begins at the far end of the street.

The lecturer for the next hour is one I have come all this long way to see, director emeritus of the school, Alfred Poulsen, who talks on the subject of Great Travel Routes about the Earth, and Their Historical Meanings. He also speaks in Danish, but he uses a map, and I have enough of the simpler words to be able to follow him, a bit. I do not mind confessing that the world looks like a new planet to me after he has taken us about it, and brought us home again.

Mr. Poulsen was for forty years the director of this school. He has but recently surrendered his administrative duties to his chosen successor; but he retains his teaching work here; and, in addition, he is the president of the national association of teachers in these highschools. He is regarded by all who know him as one of the great minds and spirits of the whole movement—perhaps its finest living embodiment.

We have lunch together: students, teachers and their wives, and the visitors, all in the school commons. There is a bit of a simple song; a fine sense of good fellowship; the ease that comes of living at a pace slow enough to permit of real laughter; and a sense of good taste and simple dignity.

Mr. Poulsen suggests that we spend the half hour I asked him for in the garden. The questions that rise are many; but the fundamental one is, of course: What are you really trying to do in these queer schools? His smile is kindly, tolerant, as he replies. I should like to give here the full course of that conversation; but I must summarize it, together with information from other sources.

WHATEVER the facts may be in other lands, he begins, the young Dane of the country-side develops, at a rather uniform age, serious interest in questions about life and the world. During the "early adult" years, that is, between 18 and 25, normal young people, whether consciously or unconsciously, are greatly concerned with decisive issues. They want to know what meanings life has, if any—and if anyone can tell them; they want light as to their own proper vocations in the world—if they are to have vocations; they want to know the meanings of the relentless sex-hungers that gnaw at their bodies and minds; they want to get some sense of their own relationships, or lack of relationships, to the age in which they live—and, maybe, to the ages; and for a short while, at least, many of them are curious—and some are afraid—in the presence of the mystery of death. These are important questions. Most of our regular schools ignore them, feeling that they are of a sort for the church to answer, or that they will be indirectly answered in the course of the years of schooling. As a matter of fact, these questions are mostly ignored in the years of ordinary schooling, and never answered; so that most adults carry about with them all their lives a wistfulness that has its roots in the unanswered questions of their youth. We feel that the most important task in all education is this of bringing to our young people such answers as the race has been able to find, such help as our most experienced men and women can offer. We have no fear that our young people will fail to *learn*. If they get wise answers to these crucial questions of their youth, they will spend their lives learning!

I must interrupt here, for a moment. I do not claim that Mr. Poulsen, and other teachers like himself, answer all the importunate questions that these student groups ask. But I am sure of this, that the student feels, after he has listened to or talked with such a teacher that he *has a right to have his own questions;* that his own questions are more important than are mathematical or chemical formulae; that not to ask them is to suffer partial death, and that not to be permitted to ask them is a sort of spiritual murder; that to seek all his days for answers to them is the way of wisdom; and that all mathematical formulae—all the sciences and learnings, in fact—are significant just in the measure that they help us in the long run answer the profound questions of life and work, of love and happiness.

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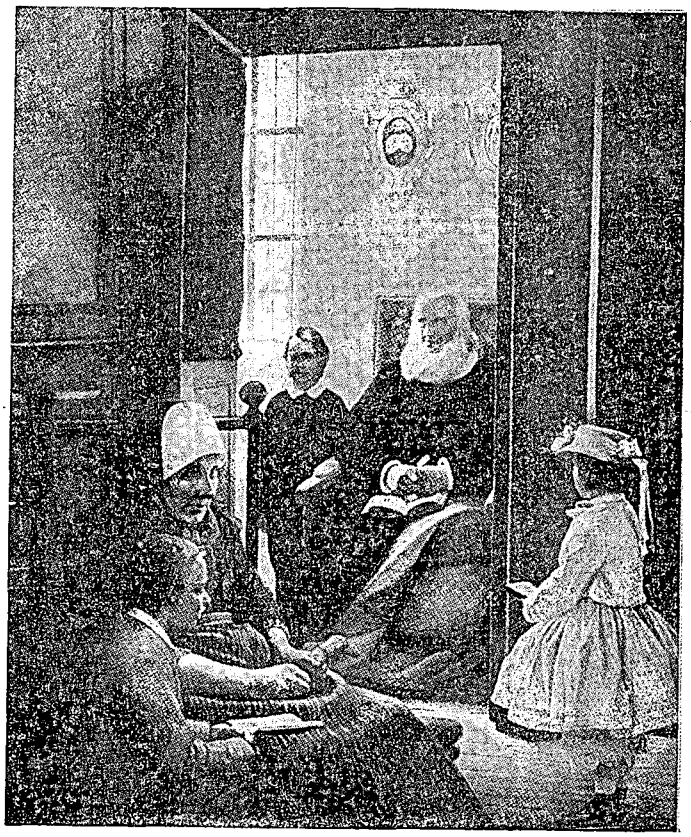
For these reasons, and other similar ones—Mr. Poulsen continues—we have kept these schools free from state control. They are voluntary institutions: the teachers control them, in the interest of what we conceive as an intellectually free education. Of course, no compulsion, of any sort, surrounds them. The students attend voluntarily. The only requirement for admission is that the student shall be 18 years old. They pay tuition—not a large sum, but enough to make them consider whether this is the way they want to spend their money. They get no grades, no credits, no standings, no diplomas, no graduations, and no assured job at the end. There are no examinations or tests, at any stage of the course. Virtue is here its own and only reward, and vice is its own day of judgment. We tell the students when they first come that they will not here find anything that, by any stretch of the imagination, they can turn to material gain in the world later on. Of course, this puts a tremendous task upon the teachers—and a no less tremendous task upon the students. The fact that these schools have made a steady growth for fifty years is proof that such tasks are welcomed by both students and teachers.



From the painting by Christian Dalsgaard

Bishop Grundtvig, the originator of the folk high school idea

We limit our students to the years of early maturity for quite definite reasons. We have found that younger people are, as a rule, not yet ready for serious consideration of their own personal problems or their approaching social responsibilities; and that older people are, on the whole, not likely to awaken to new ranges of personal development—though there are many exceptions to this general rule.

We hear it said, sometimes, Mr. Poulsen continued, that young people, even of these "early adult" years, have no such problems; that they are either frivolous or dumb. But we are sure that, even in cities, every young person has moments when such questions weigh heavily upon him. A real education would find those young people just at those moments.

Others say that young people ought not to have such questions. But saying "ought not" to nature is certainly carrying this modern jest about the "meaninglessness of life" a bit too far. It may be perfectly proper for children to have no questions; or for bruised and disillusioned men and women of thirty-five, and up, to resolve "that life has no meaning," even though they are a bit wistful as they say it. That's their own affair. But they should have a little delicacy about denying reality to the profound questionings of eighteen. Children are born ignorant. They have to *learn* how to live. They learn, it is true, all through their childhood and youth. But at 18 they still have the largest lessons of life to learn; and the things they learn in the few years, round about 18, will determine, in large measure, the rest of their careers.

Again I must interrupt. We have a legend—out of our mechanistic biology and psychology—that the destiny of the individual is settled by factors dominant from before birth, or by habituations set up in the first few years of childhood. If we accept that legend, why then nothing new can happen to a child after he is, say, six years old. But Josh Billings once said: "It wuz never my ignorunce that done me up, it wuz the things I knowed that wuzent so." The experience of Denmark shows that this deterministic biology and psychology is, in some part, at least, knowledge that simply isn't so. Any person who asks puzzled questions is still *unfinished*: his education is incomplete; his future is not yet wholly determined. Young people—at least many of them, in Denmark—still ask such questions. Hence they are still to be educated. The folk schools deal with them in this spirit. The psychology of the situation is available to the world. The civilization of the Danish countryside is proof of its validity.

I should like to linger over my stay at Ryslinge, and tell of my visit to Roskilde, and of the work being done at Frederiksborg, and at Askov, where special courses are arranged for the training of teachers for these schools. But certain common traits appear, and I must tell the rest of the story more generally.

THERE is, as a rule, no discussion in the lecture rooms, but the students carry on endless discussions amongst themselves and with the teachers, singly and in groups. The non-use of books intensifies the intellectual life. There are books in the library—which anyone may use. But no student is ever permitted to believe that he can substitute words, or ideas taken from books, for his own cerebrations, or as substitutes for his own mental growth.

Not all young people in Denmark go to these schools. Some cannot stand the discipline that freedom entails. They go to the Latin schools and the university, where their work can be directed for them in detail. But those do come who want that combination of free initiative and realistic mental discipline which has been, in all ages, the ideal of a liberal education.

These schools do not give "college courses," with appurtenances. They lay the foundations of *self-education*. In their short terms, they help the young Dane learn *how to educate himself*—which is the only way he can ever become educated. These schools (*Continued on page* 55)

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An Old-Fashioned Strike

By BEULAH AMIDON

Copies of the following article were submitted in advance of publication to representatives of the strikers and of the Industrial Council of Woolen Manufacturers of Passaic and of the Botany Worsted Mills. The strikers' representatives did not take exception to any statement of fact. The representative of the Industrial Council wrote that "the article is filled with prejudice and I am amazed at its many inaccuracies," but declined to specify errors in fact. The representative of the Botany Worsted Mills wrote that the article was "so inaccurate in its statements of fact and inferences that nothing would be gained by an attempt to correct it" in the time available. On further inquiry a representative of the company declined to indicate specific inaccuracies, and took the position that it would publish its own version of the matter eventually and in the meantime wished no publicity. The situation is one which calls for thorough investigation: this article embodies the result of a swift and disinterested inquiry, presenting the best available data at the time of publication.

FOR thirty years the owners of the woolen mills of Passaic, New Jersey, have taken the position that they were perfectly able to run their own business; that they were quite capable of dealing with their own labor; that they wished no labor unions in Passaic. Their aversion to labor leaders and agitators has been outspoken. So long as they could keep free of union interference, they believed there would be peace and prosperity in Passaic.

Twenty years ago, the first small attempt was made to bring the union idea to Passaic. It did not succeed. In 1912, there was a strike, involving 4,000 workers. It was organized by the Workers International Industrial Union, the United Textile Workers, and the I. W. W. The strike was lost, and the organization fell to pieces.

Between 1914 and 1919, a few feeble craft locals made their appearance. In 1918, a big, loose, independent industrial organization was developed under the leadership of Matthew Pluhar, a local worker. In 1919 it won a partially successful strike which established the 48-hour week. The majority of the members, perhaps 2,500 of them, went into the Amalgamated Textile Workers. There was trouble about the organization funds. In an Italian-Polish-Hungarian labor group the language problem was serious. The organization rapidly disintegrated. It felt that the disintegration was hastened by the hostile attitude of the employers.

For thirty years the mill owners have carried out their theory in Passaic. There has been no effective labor organization. There has been no affiliation between Passaic textile workers and textile workers in other markets. The mill owners have run their business and managed their workers in their own way. Now there has come a crisis in the woolen textile industry which could be successfully met only if mill owners and mill workers in a spirit of good faith and forebearance faced the storm together. But there is no machinery for conference, discussion and explanation between employer and employed. After thirty years of uncompromising anti-organization policy on the part of the mill owners and increasingly serious outbreaks of rebellion on the part of the mill workers, the Passaic woolen industry is paralyzed by the most serious strike in its history.

Ten thousand men and women are idle in Passaic; nearly five thousand of them have been idle since late January. Among low paid industrial workers, idleness means cold, hunger, fear and sickness. There have been thousands of workers on picket duty, sometimes in little groups of ten or a dozen, shivering in the early morning chill, sometimes in lines half a mile long, marching two by two, the older men and women trudging silently along the icy pavements, the young people singing,

> We won't be slaves no more,
> We won't be slaves no more—
> We're going to live, we're going to live—
> We won't be slaves no more!

Toward the end of February the Passaic and Clifton police took an active hand in the situation. In Garfield, where no attempt was made to prevent orderly demonstrations, there has been no violence. In Passaic and Clifton there has been "trouble." The strikers desired to picket and parade. The police suddenly decided that they should not do so. The strike leaders insisted on the right to organize mass picketing demonstrations. The police resorted to tear bombs, fire hose (in bitter weather) and clubs. The police were even so tactless as to use their clubs on newspaper reporters and camera men, on hand to "get copy" on the "riot." The needless brutality of using mounted policemen, the clubbing of women and girls, the picket lines terrified and scattered by violence—all the ugly details which have figured so largely in newspaper headlines have, so far as the available facts show, received no incentive or encouragement from either the employers or the strikers. They seem to have been the contribution of the police chief, the Commissioner of Public Safety and the police force to the general confusion of the Passaic situation.

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A strike is not a pretty thing. It usually is the bursting out of bounds of a situation which has reached the breaking point because no representative of either side nor any trusted outsider has taken the trouble to put forward an analysis of the issues or to suggest a course of action to serve as a starting point for intelligent and constructive adjustment.

Compared with labor in other large industries, textile workers are everywhere a low paid group. According to the last report of the National Industrial Conference Board, the average weekly wage of American woolen textile workers is $21.88. The average wage for the twenty-two largest industries is reported as $27.13. The leader of the Passaic strike states that "Less than 25 per cent of the workers were earning more than $25 a week when the strike was called; 65 per cent were earning less than $20 a week." Mill officials deny this, but at the same time decline to supply the facts of record on their payrolls.

The Passaic mills make the "novelty weaves," the lightweight suitings, the silk-and-wool fabrics that are used for women's suits, dresses and coats. The Passaic industry has been experiencing lean and fallow years. Women have developed a perverse tendency to wear silk dresses instead of woolen ones, even through the winter. Knitted wool fabrics, such as jersey, have had a large vogue and Passaic mills do weaving, not knitting. Fur coats have replaced woolen ones, until even among office workers and store clerks who wore woolen coats as a matter of course until a very short time ago, fur is now the rule and wool the exception.

The Botany Worsted Mill which, with its allied company, the Garfield Textile, is the largest plant in Passaic, is also the oldest. It was established by the Stoehr interests of Leipzig, one of the most important textile concerns in Europe, soon after the election of McKinley in 1896 made certain a protective tariff so high that German worsted mills could not hope to export woolens to this country with profit. Both the Garfield Textile and the Botany Worsted Mills are owned or controlled by a holding company, Botany Consolidated Mills, Inc. The Botany Worsted plant now covers more than 100 acres. It is housed in 108 buildings, with a capacity of 125,000 pounds of yarn and 225,000 yards of fabric. It employs 6,400 workers, of whom about 500 make up the office force.

The Forstmann and Huffman mills, with plants in Passaic, and in the two adjoining burroughs, Clifton and Garfield, form the second largest unit, employing about 4,000 workers. These are said to be allied with the Forstmann-Huffman mills of Werden am Ruhr, which consolidated with the *Augsberger Kammgarn-Spinnerei* to from the *Werdener Feintuchwerke,* one of the largest spinning mills in Germany.

The other mills affected by the strike are the Passaic Worsted and Spinning, the German interests in which were sold to an English syndicate during the war; Gera Mills, New Jersey Worsted and Spinning and the Dundee Textile in Clifton, a silk mill. These concerns together employ about 3,300.

George Stoehr, head of the Leipzig mills, entrusted most of the responsibility of the Passaic plant to his son, Max W. Stoehr, a naturalized American citizen, who is now president of the holding company. After war was declared the plant was taken over by the Alien Property Custodian. During the long and complicated legal procedure ensuing, Colonel Charles F. H. Johnson emerged as the champion of the Stoehr interests. Colonel Johnson is now first vice president of the Botany Worsted Mill and a director of Botany Consolidated Mills, Inc. The president is Ferdinand Kuhn, and Max W. Stoehr is treasurer. As Kuhn and Stoehr spend much of their time in Europe, where the Stoehr interests have subsidiaries in Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Holland and Latvia, Colonel Johnson is to all practical purposes the head of the Botany Worsted Mill in Passaic. Colonel Johnson came to Passaic originally as a telegraph operator. He was connected with the Brighton Mill (a cotton spinnery) and helped in the upbuilding of the "model mill village" in Brighton. He is young, vigorous, keen, self-made and a born fighter.

In the fall 1925, the Botany interests faced this situation: During two lean years they had "carried" their people; that is, no large group of workers had been laid off. The available work had been distributed among the total labor force. That meant a short week for everyone, and a proportionately "short" pay envelope, but every worker had had his or her share of what work there was. This had meant a higher overhead than if the mills had laid off half their workers and given the other half full time, but, as Colonel Johnson says,

"We thought there would be less hardship among our people if we did it the other way."

Because of the slump in demand for fine woolens there had been overproduction in all the markets with which Passaic has to compete. Other markets announced both wage and price cuts. Early last fall the Industrial Council of Woolen Manufacturers of Passaic met to decide what ought to be done to meet the situation.

The Botany mills suggested a 10 per cent wage cut. This, their representatives pointed out, would permit a price scale that would compete with other woolen markets. It would enable the mills to carry all their employes. It was an immediate way out. Other employers feared "labor troubles" if an outright wage cut was announced. They suggested indirect economies. Employes might be "laid off" a few at a time, reducing the payroll and the overhead simultaneously. The prevalent 4-day week might be gradually reduced still further. This would "take up the slack" without furnishing a "talking point" for labor agitators. Colonel Johnson is not an indirect individual. Temperament and experience have combined to give him confidence in the "smash straight through" method. He insisted that a direct 10 per cent wage cut was the fairest and simplest thing to do. And he insisted that if it were "put up to them right," the employes would accept it. "I thought we could all ride it out together," he says now.

The Botany mills insisted on the cut. The other members of the Council refused to agree to that plan. Botany withdrew from the Council.

Under Colonel Johnson's direction wall charts were prepared, showing market trends, supply and demand in the woolen industry, income, expense and profit curves, costs and overhead. Employes' meetings were organized and, with the use of the graphic material, mill officials laid the whole situation before their workers. In October the wage cut was announced. The Botany workers took it and "stood pat." For some weeks there was "business as usual" in the Botany mills.

The slump in the woolen market had increased the problems of the Passaic workers, though the problems of

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underpaid, overworked men and women are sufficiently difficult even in normal times. The Passaic textile workers are largely Hungarians and Poles. The majority of them speak little or no English. As soon as the boys and girls are fourteen years old and eligible for working papers the mill takes them, too. When both parents and two or three older children are all working the family has an income that approaches the "minimum for decent subsistence." But in a labor group like the Passaic textile workers there are many families with three to ten children under thirteen years of age. There is no other industry in or near Passaic capable of absorbing a large body of unskilled or semi-skilled workers. Workers who leave the mills are "on the streets." If they wish to live and work in Passaic they must work for what the mills pay. Most of them are too poor to move elsewhere. Under these circumstances, a cut of 10 per cent in a mill worker's meager wage is a calamity.

Botany workers on the strike picket line, hungry, desperate, insufficiently clad against the bitter March winds, sweeping across the Jersey flats, jeered when you asked them about those first weeks of acquiescence.

"He took us in fine."

"Sure, I swallowed Johnson's soft stuff—for a while."

"I didn't know no better—then."

"I was plain fool them times."

Colonel Johnson appealed to the mill workers to trust the mill management in a time of hardship and difficulty. But faith is not the growth of a moment, and for thirty years the mill owners of Passaic had resisted every attempt of the workers to organize and deal as a group with their employers.

INTO this situation came Albert Weisbord. He arrived in Passaic three or four weeks after the announcement of the wage cut. Weisbord is a young Jewish labor leader, the type of tireless, nervous, clever, excitable, slightly truculent, over-confident, fiery agitator and organizer so frequently found in the American labor movement, especially in the textile and garment worker groups. He is better educated than most labor organizers. He graduated from City College in 1921 and from Harvard Law School in 1924. He states that he served at Camp Devens during the war, that he "has worked in textiles off and on for five years" and that he is a member of a silk weavers' union in Paterson. Before coming to Passaic he led an unsuccessful strike in the Hillcrest Silk Mill in Hoboken.

Albert Weisbord set to work to organize the Botany employes. He did not act as the representative of any union. He formed what he called the United Front Committee. He expects it to be the nucleus of a great textile organization. Personally, Weisbord is a communist. He says that "the United Front Committee means that we are united on concrete issues. It also means that we are divided on questions of theory and principle."

Early in January the Botany mills, for the first time in two years, gave their employes a full week's work. The beginning of the spring demand made it seem likely that for some weeks there would be work enough for everyone.

But Weisbord had done his job effectively. The next week, when the mill made the mistake of discharging several employes known to be active in the new organization, the Botany workers struck. The announced object of the strike was to get back the ten per cent wage cut. Of the 6,500 workers about 5,000 "went out" before the week was over.

The employes of the Gera mills were the next to go. The strikers concentrated their energy on the Forstmann and Huffman workers, the second largest group in Passaic. For some time the Forstmann and Huffman plant has had an employe representation plan. Working conditions there are above the Passaic average. Forstmann and Huffman made no wage cut. Only about 100 of their 4,000 workers "went out." To be effective, the United Front Committee must succeed in tying up the entire Passaic market. They believed every worker who "stayed in" was an ally of the employers against the striking employes. On February 23, when the strike had dragged along for about four weeks, Forstmann and Huffman shut down. In the statement announcing the closing of the mill, the company officials said,

> We feel compelled to place our people "on call" solely because we do not believe that it is fair to ask them any longer to subject themselves to the insults and threats which they have endured for three weeks. . . . They have been the victims of an expertly organized campaign of terrorism that is intolerable in any conception of orderly society. . . . The step we are now taking is taken with deep regret and full realization of what it means to our employes, their families, and to the community at large. . . . When our employes can again come to work without being made the target of every conceivable sort of lawless abuse, there will be work for them to do, be that tomorrow or next month.

AS the strike continued the suffering, especially among the non-combatants, the children and the old people, increased. Since the second week of the strike the United Front Committee carried on organized relief. At the beginning of the sixth week, 600 families, or about 3,300 persons, had received food and fuel through the relief organization. Between 75 and 100 new families were being added to the relief list daily. Food was given out through three relief stations on presentation of a card issued weekly by headquarters. This card entitled one person to $3 worth of food each week; two persons, $6; family of four, $7; family of 6, $8; family of 8, $9; families of ten or over, $10. The relief allowance represented a bare subsistence ration.

The strikers, who in the beginning were only protesting against the October wage cut, now put forward these demands:

1. Ten per cent increase over old wage scale.
2. Return of money taken from them by wage cut.
3. Time-and-a-half overtime.
4. A 40-hour week.
5. Decent sanitary working conditions.
6. No discrimination against union workers.
7. Recognition of the union.

Colonel Johnson was quoted in the press March 3 as saying,

"We have always been and are now ready to talk over conditions with our own people. Had they been in an American Federation of Labor union we would have conferred with the strike committee."

In an interview with the writer Colonel Johnson denied ever having made any such statement. He and his associates remain firm in their opposition to organized labor.

Late in March it was announced from Washington that Secretary of Labor Davis and representatives of the mill owners had, after ten days of conference and discussion, worked out a basis for negotiating a strike settlement which the employers

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Horizon Lines

A Monthly Survey of Our New International Frontiers

By JAMES G. McDONALD

Why Fight Mexico?

IS intervention in Mexico probable? Many Washington observers who admit that they are "in the know" reply: "Not probable but imminent. The United States will very soon end the months-long exchange of diplomatic notes by a virtual ultimatum. This Mexico will reject. Immediately thereafter United States troops will begin the inevitable clean-up of an intolerable situation."

Fortunately, like most "inside" information, these gloomy prophecies are probably wide of the mark. But they are none the less symptomatic of a dangerous situation. None of the issues involved are new. Basically, the present controversy is merely a recrudescence of the more than ten year old conflict between the United States' insistence on the sanctity of the private property rights of its citizens in Mexico, and the Mexican determination to exercise complete sovereignty over all property rights within her territorial limits, including ownership of land and sub-surface rights, oils and minerals and all other national resources.

The two laws recently enacted by the Mexican congress which are the immediate occasion of the wordy battle between Mexico City and Washington are illustrative of the underlying conflict of interest. One of the laws limits the rights of foreigners to own lands "within a belt of 100 kilometers from the frontiers and 50 kilometers from the coast lines," and requires that the foreign owner of land elsewhere in Mexico must agree "to consider himself a Mexican National and not to invoke the protection of his government as regards such property." The other statute redefines the rights and duties of the foreign owners of oil lands.

Both statutes are interpretative of the Mexican Constitution of 1917, one of the most progressive of all modern fundamental laws. Its famous Article 27 declares in effect that ownership of the lands and waters and sub-soil treasures are vested in the nation, and, therefore, subject to such regulation as the government may impose. Our government insists that both the land and the oil laws are retroactive, that is, that they apply the principles of the Constitution of 1917 to property rights validly held by Americans prior to that date and that, therefore, they are confiscatory. This the Mexican government denies, insisting that all legitimate American rights can and will be protected by the Mexican courts.

As usual, public understanding of the debate about these legal technicalities is confused by the withholding of the texts of the official communications, none of which have been published at the time this magazine goes to press. Consequently, both Mexicans and Americans have had to rely upon press statements and sometimes inflammable stump speeches.

Moreover, the dragging in of the religious issue has embittered large sections of public opinion in both countries. Why the Mexican authorities should have chosen now to enforce with unusual vigor their laws against foreign priests and religious schools, which have long been on the statute books, is incomprehensible. Certainly it illustrates how completely lacking the Mexican is in any sense of political expediency. We should remember, however, when reading about the expulsion of Spanish priests and the closing of monasteries, that there has been no recent diminution in the legal rights of the Catholic Church in Mexico, and that the American leaders of the Evangelical forces there insist that Protestantism has no complaint to make.

Fortunately our public opinion can save itself from the welter of dialectic legalisms by seizing on a few fundamentals which will not be altered no matter what is disclosed when the diplomatic correspondence is published:

1. Mexico, after more than ten years of civil war verging sometimes dangerously near to anarchy, is slowly and painfully working its way, under the leadership of President Calles, towards a government based on law rather than chronic revolution.
2. Mexico's task of raising the social, economic and intellectual status of the masses of its people, made up of many racial elements, three-quarters illiterate, and exploited by foreign interests for centuries, is one of incalculable difficulty.
3. Whether the present experiment in republican government can succeed depends now, and will depend for many years to come, in large part upon the attitude of the United States.
4. Admitting that American interests may sometimess be jeopardized if forced to rely for protection solely upon the Mexican administration and courts, which admittedly are not as impartial or free from corruption as ours, the issues between the two governments are precisely those best suited for judicial determination. They do not justify our government in attempting to set itself up as the prosecuting attorney, judge and sheriff in its own case.

Despite the truculent tone of some of the inspired comments from Washington, there seems no reason to believe that President Coolidge is inclined to threaten to use force merely because Mexico is weak and we are strong.

Lapsing From Locarno

THE bright, cheerful rays from the sun of Locarno have recently been sadly eclipsed by the heavy clouds of national suspicion and intrigue. The special March Assembly of the League of Nations, which was to have been a festive occasion of rejoicing at the entrance of Germany into the League, disclosed instead that the magic of the "spirit of Locarno" had lost its power to exorcise the demons of national selfishness. The animosities engendered by the debate show how unwarranted were the hopes of the optimists who seemed to believe that a form of words could quickly transform the Europe developed during centuries of wars and embittered national rivalries into a sort of United States of Europe.

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The primary responsibility for this dismal backsliding from the revivalist conversions at Locarno can be divided between Paris and Rome. The Quai d'Orsay's suggestion that the admission of Germany to the Council be made the occasion of the admission of Poland also as a permanent member, unmuzzled the nationalists everywhere. Mussolini's bellicose denunciation of German sympathy for the Tyrolese—now enjoying the blessings of intensive Italianization—and his later bid against France for the leadership of the Little Entente by concessions to Jugoslavia and by loud talk about a Latin and Slavic union against Germanism, made France's withdrawal of her support of the Polish claim more difficult. And if Poland were to be admitted on a basis of equality with the great powers, why not Spain and Brazil also?

Germany's contention that she alone should be admitted to the Council at this time was technically unassailable. At Locarno she had been promised a permanent seat; indeed all of the Locarno agreements are contingent upon her entrance into the League. Naturally, her public opinion assumed that the proposal to admit Poland on a basis of equality was meant merely to counter-balance Germany's influence in the Council.

Not unrelated to the possibility of Germany's withdrawal from Geneva was China's renewed insistence that she also be accorded a permanent place on the Council. Russian representatives in Peking were whispering that unless China were granted this concession due her as a great power, she should withdraw from the League altogether. At the same time the attitude of Japan created the impression that she might support the Chinese contention. This seemed more likely because of reports of a growing tendency towards a rapprochement between Tokyo and Moscow.

In truth the question of the make-up of the Council was only the occasion, not the cause, of this international falling from grace. Since each state automatically becomes a member of the Council when any question relating to it is being considered, the matter of membership is not nearly so important as the heated controversies of the last few weeks would seem to indicate. The truth is that the politicians exaggerated for their own purposes—and perhaps farther than they really intended—the importance of the immediate issue. Unfortunately, once public opinion in the countries concerned had been led to believe that a vital interest was involved, the clash of opinions threatened to undo much that was really vital in the Locarno settlement. In the storm and stress, incidentally, the League demonstrated its significance as the focal point of international relations.

The World Court Reservations

WITHIN a week I have received four letters from abroad, all expressing doubt as to whether America's adherence to the World Court would be accepted on the terms outlined in the Senatorial reservations. One of the letters was from a leading member of the cabinet of a great power who has frequently represented his country on the Council of the League; another, from a Swedish jurist intimately acquainted with the Court; a third from one of the most thorough British students of both the League and the Court; and the fourth from an American in an excellent position to gauge public opinion in Geneva. All four correspondents were troubled by the same reservation, the fifth. (This reservation would give our government the right to veto any suggestion that the Council ask for an advisory opinion of the Court in any case "in which the United States has or claims an interest.")

My most distinguished correspondent writes:

> It is likely to cause a good deal of trouble. It is very difficult to make a rule of that kind for one nation which is not to apply to others, and a general proposition that the Council was never to ask an advisory opinion of the Court in which any country was interested without the assent of that country would very largely destroy the usefulness of advisory opinions. It would for instance have prevented the advisory opinion in the Mosul case which certainly was one of the elements which led to a decision, and it would also have prevented the advisory opinions on some of the Minority cases.

The American reservations were discussed informally at the special March session of the League. The chances of acceptance would be greatly increased if the signatories to the Court Protocol could agree on a common reply. This could be effected through the machinery of the League. If each nation undertakes to reply independently, long delays will be inevitable, and almost certainly some one of the forty-eight countries whose assent is essential will either refuse or so qualify its acceptance as to render it nugatory.

Assuming that the signatories, all of whom are members of the League, agree on a common policy, it is amusing to contemplate what would be the attitude of the Senate if their reply were an acceptance "with reservations."

Can France Muddle Through?

FRANCE'S basic problem—the balancing of the budget and the stabilization of the franc—remains unsolved. The danger of inflation still hangs like a sinister shadow over millions of Frenchmen. Slowly the realization is becoming general that unless financial measures comparable to major operations are resorted to, the franc will continue to fall.

But that the danger is not yet adequately realized is proved by the spectacular defeat of Briand and his resignation as Premier in the early morning hours of March 6, after a bitter, all-night session in the Chamber. It was his twelfth defeat within six weeks on technical points in the pending tax bill. The decisive vote was on the acceptance of the Senate's amendment in reference to the sales tax. Against this increase of the burden on the small shop-keepers and the poorer classes, the Communists and Socialists voted as a matter of principle, and the Nationalists as an opportunity to unhorse a political enemy.

Although Briand succeeds himself, nothing has been solved. The Chamber remains as unstable a basis for a ministry as before. Something of the difficulty of the financial task can be understood if one remembers that the annual interest charges on the French national debt—excluding the war debt to America and Great Britain—now eat up about 52 per cent of the government's income. Moreover, despite the common opinion to the contrary, the French financial burden, direct or indirect, is substantially larger than in this country. It is estimated as 20 per cent of the national income, as compared to 15 per cent here.

What troubles France is not merely politics, therefore; rather it is the staggering task which must be performed if the heart-breaking price of inflation is not to be paid by the classes least able to pay it. Obviously France needs now as much as she needed during the war that burying of political animosities in the face of a common enemy, which she called poetically the *Union Sacrée*.

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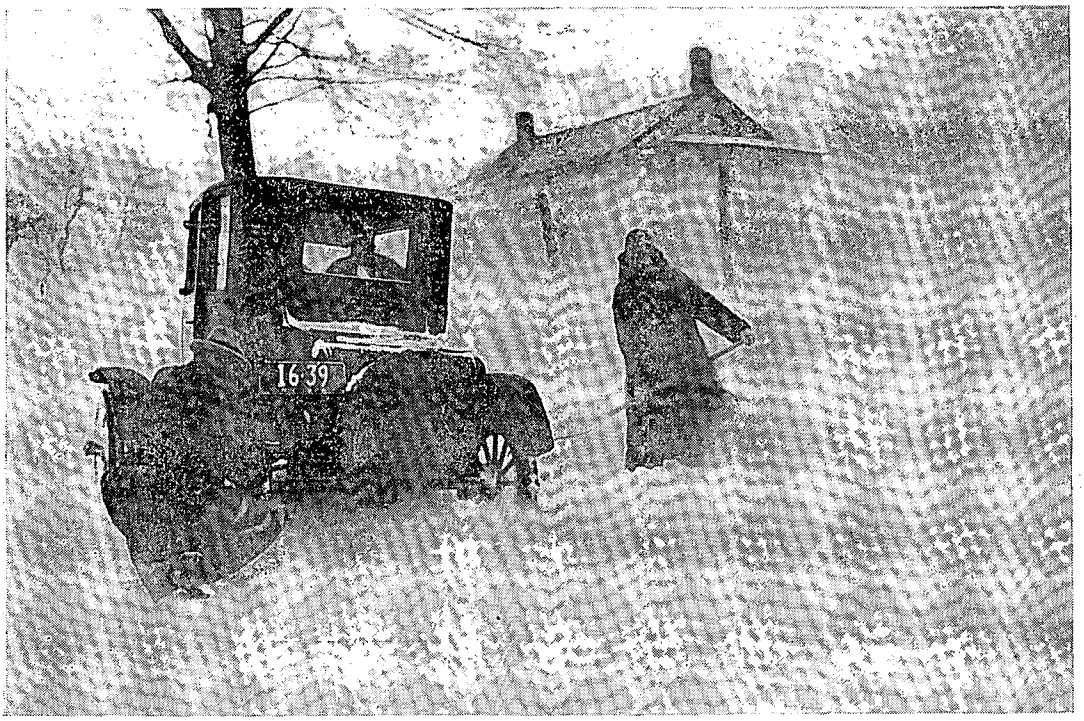

A Cattaraugus nurse and her Ford defy February

Domesday for Diphtheria

Photographs by LEWIS W. HINE

WITH wit and persistence some diseases could be wiped clean off the map of the United States, as yellow fever and typhus already have been. One of these is diphtheria, once the arch-killer of children, and still a most formidable enemy of child life and health. New York State has entered on a five-year campaign, the most extensive effort against diphtheria yet undertaken, to abolish it by 1930. In this the State Departments of Health and Education, the State Medical Society, the State Charities Aid Association, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company have banded together. The ideal is that fathers and mothers demand that the family physician immunize the children against diphtheria as a matter of routine, just as he now drops silver nitrate into their eyes at birth, or vaccinates them.

In 1920, Rochester, N.Y., began to immunize its children. Its deathrate from diphtheria has fallen from 18.8 (for each 100,000 of population) in that year to 4.9 in 1924. Syracuse has been working actively: its diphtheria deathrate dropped from 9.0 in 1924, then the lowest in the city's history, to 2.6 in 1925. New Haven, Conn., one of the pioneer cities in this work, showed a deathrate of 1.7 in 1924, while the rest of the state registered 11.2. Auburn, N. Y., in which the majority of the children have been immunized, has lost only one child to diphtheria in more than two years and a half.

Diphtheria is most prevalent and most deadly among children between two and five. Babies should have the three immunizing doses of toxin-antitoxin as soon as possible after they are six months old. New York state hopes to protect all its children between six months and ten years. The treatment is harmless. More than 350,000 children have been immunized in New York city during the past five years without ill effect.

In the New York state campaign the State Department of Health will provide expert advice and direction, and much of the necessary printed matter. Local communities will underwrite the cost of their own immunization clinics. Voluntary and official agencies together are shouldering the most important part of all—the education of parents not only to consent to immunization, but to demand it. The first year the chief aim will be an effective organization of each of the sixty cities of 10,000 or more. New York city aside, these sixty contain half the state's population and furnish two thirds of its cases of diphtheria. The second year should see a campaign in every county.

Mr. Hine's photographs of the health demonstrations of the Milbank Memorial Fund in rural Cattaraugus County and the city of Syracuse show the part of this organization in a fight which will make public health history.

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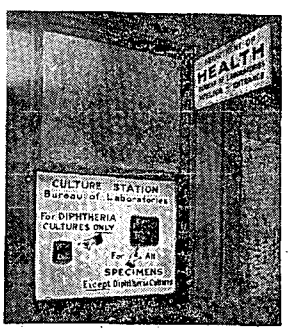
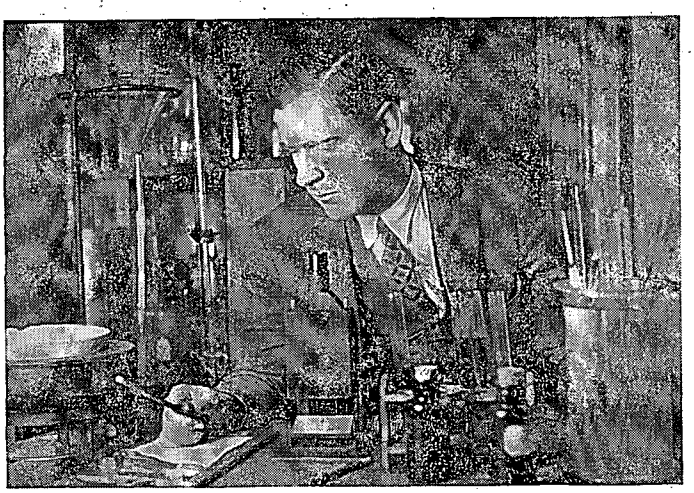
Mothers are urged to bring even the littlest children to the immunization clinics, which usually are held in the schools. In some instances committees of volunteers have organized automobile transportation to make it possible for them to come long distances. This is the "waiting room" at a clinic in the village school of Tully, just outside Syracuse

. . . . while inside anticipation is worse than the prick



The Syracuse Free Dispensary



The Cattaraugus County laboratory tested 1,346 diphtheria cultures last year

The nurse delivers a certificate of immunization

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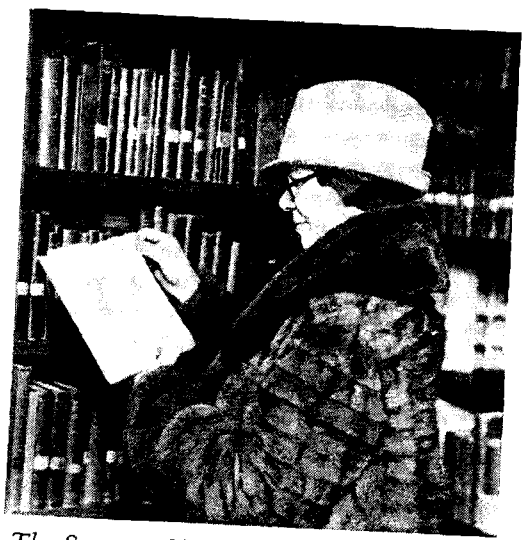
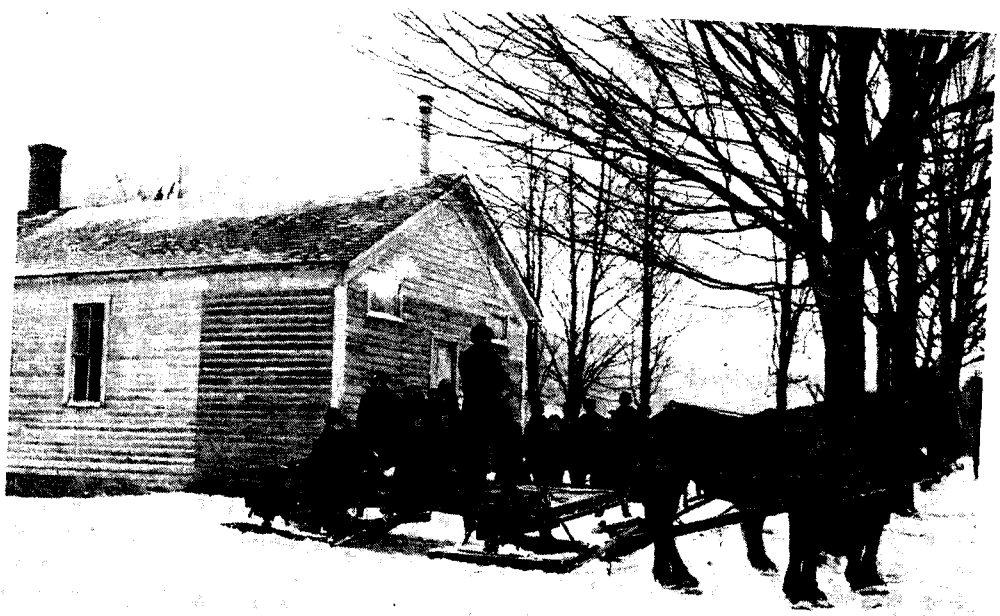
Almost old enough for toxin-antitoxin

Diphtheria releases for the Cattaraugus newspapers



The Syracuse library adds a health section



The winter way to Hungry Hollow School, Cattaraugus County

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Ethics and Business

By RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.

I KNOW a good deal less about the relations of ethics to business than of ethics to the other subjects taken up in this series—theology, education, medicine and social work. In relation to business I am decidedly an outsider and a greenhorn and although the same is true of my relation to all the other subjects (except perhaps medicine) it is true in a lesser degree. I hope, therefore, that no one will expect from me any pretence to a knowledge of business or to an insider's point of view. All that I can see and say is confessedly as a looker-on. But of late years the looker-on interested in ethics can see more ethics in business than he could fifty or even twenty-five years ago. Business has begun to talk and write about ethics. Ethics has begun to inquire about business methods.

In the attempt to say why this is so I must try to sketch several phases of the era that has passed during my own lifetime.

I WAS born and brought up under the influence of the evolutionary liberalism of the latter nineteenth century. The smart, "Yankee Doodle" type of American which Dickens found here in the middle of the century and satirized in Martin Chuzzlewit was passing off the stage. From the point of view of ethics we were in the period when the blight of science—that is, of things as they are—was over everything. We had been foolish enough to accept what Herbert Spencer and his followers were serving up in the sacred name of science. This philosophy in its particular relation to ethics and industry was crystalized in the vague notion of *laissez faire*. We were told to let things alone, especially the things that deal with civilization and business. The fit were bound to survive through the struggle for existence and therefore the fit society, the fit business structure, were sure to come to the fore and to win their way, provided only we left men free. That was the great gospel. "Hands off! Don't get in the way! Leave trade and the laws of trade without interference. The best government is that which governs (and interferes with business) least." For there is (so we had been taught) a natural tendency in human affairs towards improvement, the growth of which had been choked hitherto by the interference of kings, tyrants and priests, but which needed only a free chance to lead us towards that "far off divine event" to which the whole creation was bound to move.

Obviously, under such doctrines—and especially when they were promulgated in the name of "science" to a generation so hypnotised by that word that they were not prone to inquire what it meant, ethics was bound to languish, for ethics has always assumed that things are *not* bound to get better but must be *made* better by human effort.

Then America began to feel the challenge of socialism. Now socialism, in its strict Marxian form, is distinctly a hard-boiled, non-ethical doctrine, a remedy of human ills through governmental machinery, resting on a denial of free will. Its doctrines are often hammered home with the brutal assurance that "It does not make any difference what you think about it, *it is coming, anyway.*" Marx was as much beyond the ethical sphere, outside the realm of right and wrong, as was the *laissez faire* political economy which he challenged. Yet somehow there crept into this socialistic challenge of the established order the assertion that this order is *unrighteous* and not merely decaying. By Marxian logic the socialists should have told our capitalistic order that it was dying and might as well recognize it. But actually socialists have always been telling us that we are unrighteous. The ideal of human brotherhood which has I think no logical connection with Marxian socialism has, nevertheless, been linked with it in its more effective American manifestations—sometimes in organic unity, as in the so-called Christian socialism, oftener in a loose illogical partnership.

And so American industry has always felt the challenge of socialism as an ethical as well as a political attack. The present system of property rights, the present control of industry has felt itself attacked as something wrong, selfish, not merely as something outgrown. Moreover, the socialistic propaganda had, in common with all sound ethics, the will to change things, not to wait passively for the resistless march of evolution and the inevitable working out of the class struggle.

The general attitude taken by the existing order, in response to this challenge from socialism, I viewed throughout boyhood and young manhood in the pages of the New York Nation. Mr. Godkin's influence there was wholly on the side of evolutionary liberalism and the *laissez faire* school of economics. The evils which he attacked were rarely the evils of business corruption. They were the evils of the wicked politicians, Tweed, Kelley and their successors in New York and in national politics.

My generation was so thoroughly convinced that this was the proper war cry that we were dumbfounded when we read the revelations of Lincoln Steffens and the muck-rakers. It took us a long time to believe what Steffens proved in The Shame of Cities, namely, that the corrupt politician was merely the tool of the predatory business interests. But in time we did believe it and then, out of the impetus given by Steffens and his followers, came the "trust busting" activities of Roosevelt and his campaign for the "square deal." For me that was the first emergence of an ethical issue in the field of business.

Roosevelt's interests were primarily ethical, as he himself confessed. It was to this side of him that the nation responded. And it was this which gave him such a measure of popularity as no public man in my generation has enjoyed. Honesty was the virtue that he championed, both in business and in politics. He was not interested—as he himself has told us—in economic questions, such as the currency or the tariff. He was very much interested in the

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sins of the packing industries whereby the American army in Cuba, when he was there with the "Rough Riders," were given corn meal to eat out of packages labelled "veal loaf." Here it was not the hygienic but the moral question that interested him. He knew that corn meal was just as good for us hygienically as veal, but he did not relish the lie by reason of which we paid for veal and were given only a cheap cereal. The Pure Food and Drugs Act—which was the result of the agitation started during the Spanish War under Roosevelt's initiative—marks one of the most definite points at which ethics has entered into business during the last fifty years. This Act broke, in the most definite way, with an old principle long recognized by the law, the principle of *caveat emptor* (the buyer must look out for himself). The government steps in, interfering with the acts of business in order to protect the consumer and declaring that the business man shall label truthfully what he sells. There is still no insistence upon hygiene. If people want to buy liquor in the form of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound or Brown's Iron Bitters they are free to do so. But the seller must put upon the label the percentage of alcohol which these supposed remedies contain.

FROM Roosevelt's time on, then, the idea that there is a right and wrong—for the individual business man not only in his private capacity, but in his dealings with his employes, his competitors and his customers—has been more or less clearly stamped upon our minds. We have not called it "ethics"—this idea—until very recent times. The word has a scholastic connotation to us; hence the avoidance of it and (so far as possible) the group of ideas connected with it, is one of the things that one always notices in contacts with business men. I have often been interested to see that when I ask ethical questions of business men, when I inquire whether they think a certain act right or wrong in the field of business, they are prone to shift the issue and to answer, not in terms of ethics, but in one of three other fashions. Try the experiment of asking an ethical question of ten business men and I believe you will find—as I have usually found—that seven or eight of the answers will be given in terms of

(a) the customs of the trade,
(b) legality, or
(c) esthetics.

Ask a business man about industrial espionage, about the evils of commercial bribery or of misleading advertisements. The answers that you get are usually couched in some such form as this:

(a) "Well, we don't do that sort of thing. Our firm has never been in the habit of carrying out that practice. Nobody in our line of business does it. That is the sort of thing that the *small* firms indulge in." They do not say whether they consider the act right or wrong. They tell you that it is not the custom of their house.

Or, (b) they will argue with you the question of *legality*. Is such and such an act allowable under the law? How broadly can one interpret certain legal phrases? Must one see no violation of the law of the land in doing so and so?

Or, (c) One is answered in terms of esthetics, that is, of feelings or sentiments. "Well, we don't *like* that sort of business. That seems a cheap way of behaving. We consider that *shady*. Yes, it is a *nasty* trick, but it has to be done."

I have often asked myself why it is that business men thus sheer away from questions of ethics and take refuge in the realm of custom, legality or of personal feeling. I rather think that they are only following the general trend of our time, a trend observable not only in business but among teachers, social workers, doctors and most of those with whom I have lived and worked. Why do we follow it? Why is our generation slow to pronounce things right or wrong, slow to make moral judgments on our own or other people's acts?

I think the first answer is that we hate nothing so much as what is called the "holier than thou" attitude. Whatever else we do or avoid, we do not want to seem *censorious*. We do not want to set ourselves up as a judge of other people's morals. We never forget the Scriptural injunction, "Judge not." For even those set upon the bench, for the very purpose of judging, are concerned not primarily with morals but with legality—a very different matter. Our generation has seen very clearly that one cannot safely condemn any acts but his own, rather that we can condemn a man's morals only when he condemns himself, because no one can get inside another or can know his motives and his temptations. But if we leave morals out of it and abide in the sphere of trade custom or of legality, we face something that is public, objective, definite. There we find none of the subtleties and mysteries of motive and temptation. An act is legal or it is not, customary or uncustomary, and if we have any feeling about the act beyond that, we can express it *as a feeling*, not as a judgment, in esthetic not in moral terms.

The hesitancy and reserve of the business man, then, when he is asked to express himself in ethical terms, has much to defend it. Ethics is, after all, a very private matter. It is individual in a sense which makes us right in avoiding when we can the attempt to lay down the law for other people or to judge their conduct in specific cases. Nevertheless, as I shall try to show later, trade customs, legal enactments and individual feelings of attraction or repulsion are not sufficient guide to conduct in business—or anywhere else.

IN 1920, when I first began to look into business ethics at first hand, the characteristic attitude of the business men described in the last paragraphs was impressed upon my mind afresh. I had undertaken an investigation of *industrial espionage* (the spy system in industry), which manifests an attempt on the part of employers to prevent strikes by rooting out labor union men and other "agitators" in their employ through the use of spies, hired from among the members of the union themselves. I interested a vigorous and able young Harvard graduate, Sidney Howard, who is now well known as a writer of poignant and successful drama, but then was free to devote his unusual powers to the study of industrial spies. While he was gathering his evidence, in various parts of the country, accumulating the material afterwards published in his book, The Labor Spy*, I took every opportunity to ask my business friends what they thought of industrial espionage. I was struck with their unwillingness to think of it as an ethical problem at all. To the majority with whom I talked it appeared simply a question of technique. It was a successful or unsuccessful attempt to try to keep one's business running steadily and profitably. Or if further reflection had convinced them that there was more in it than this, they

* Republic Publishing Co., New York.

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tended to regard the use of spies as a matter of police protection:

"All agitators are dangerous men. One protects oneself against them as one does against those who practice sabotage and the blowing up of factories and bridges. Naturally one *must* protect oneself against dangers of this sort, as a simple matter of business insurance." When dislodged from this position by being shown that in many labor disturbances there is no evidence of any threat of violence until after the spies have been introduced and their presence very bitterly resented by the workmen, the next line of defence is usually this:

"After all, labor troubles are about the same thing as war. In war, of course, we have to use spies in order to get the 'intelligence' necessary for our campaign. So it is with the business man who has his under-cover agents as a part of his intelligence system."

If, then, one asks whether the employer is ready openly to declare war and to acknowledge the methods which he employs (as every belligerent is supposed to) I have found that employers usually retreat to their last stronghold.

"Yes, of course it is a horrid business, a dirty mess, but what can you do? How else can we get along? The labor unions have their own spies against us, too."

Perhaps the majority, however, of the men with whom I have talked were ignorant of the very existence of industrial espionage, even though there was sometimes reason to believe that it existed in their own factories.

It was in connection with this investigation into business ethics that I had my first contact with the Harvard School of Business Administration. Inquiring of some of the teachers there what was their opinion of industrial espionage, I found that it was universally and vigorously condemned and in ethical or quasi-ethical terms. It was at this time (about 1922) that I first learned of the project to introduce the teaching of business ethics into the Harvard School of Business Administration. The way in which they purposed to introduce it was of particular interest to me because of my long and enthusiastic acquaintance with the "case method" of teaching. Most of the teaching in the Harvard School of Business Administration has been for years carried on by the case method which I introduced twenty years ago in the teaching of the Harvard Medical School on the suggestion of Professor Walter B. Cannon and have used there ever since, following the much older tradition of the Harvard Law School. Dean Donham of the Business School has been planning since 1922 to have business ethics taught in the Business School by the case method and in that year was polite enough to ask my advice about the ethical problems or questions to be sought for in the concrete life of industry and brought back to the school for the use of students. He wished to follow, in relation to ethics, the plan long used in other departments of the Business School, namely, that of gathering from industry concrete cases, problems, difficulties to be written out and presented in case books to the students. In compliance with the dean's request, I presented to him a schedule of seventy-seven questions, arranged under the following headings:

TYPES OF RELATIONSHIP IN BUSINESS INVOLVING ETHICAL PROBLEMS

1. Buyer and seller
2. Seller and the public
3. Employer and the public
4. Employer and employe
5. Employer and the government
6. Relations between competitors
7. Fiduciary relations
8. Relations of the employer and of the employe to their own ideals and to the future ("the long run")
9. Miscellaneous.

Up to the present time other and more pressing responsibilities of the Business School have prevented the carrying out of the dean's plan, but I know that he still hopes to see it fulfilled in the near future. Meantime, he has been good enough to allow me to give each year a few case-teaching exercises before students of the Business School and has furnished me, from his own collection, some cases which, though originally written out to exemplify a problem in business management or business policy, seemed to involve primarily questions of ethics.

Though I have had very little experience with this sort of teaching and am, in many respects, unfit for it, I have already tried it out enough to convince me that it is the proper way to proceed. It is perfectly possible to build up one's principles of ethics in the class room with the advice and consent of the student body, rather than to enunciate those principles at the outset. Ethical principles can be made to emerge from any dispassionate consideration of the concrete problems which come up in business, as they do in medicine, in education, or in social work. For the ethical principles are already there and we are habitually using them, though in a rather haphazard, confused and sometimes self-contradictory way. All that is necessary is to free them of this self-contradiction, to make them consistent, explicit and adequate to the problems involved, and we have a system of ethics.

A great advantage of this method of teaching ethics—either in business or in any other field—is that by its use many men can be kept busy simultaneously in the class room. The trouble with the ordinary method of teaching by lectures is that nobody is thoroughly busy except the lecturer. But if one writes out a concrete problem in business ethics, has copies of it made sufficient in number so that each member of the class may have one to study beforehand—then when one meets the class (each man armed with a copy of the case) he is ready to ask them questions about it and to discuss their answers until a solution satisfactory—or approximately satisfactory—to all is arrived at. By this method there is no difficulty in keeping everybody busy as well as interested, even with a class of two hundred students.

BUT there is a difficulty in teaching business ethics, a difficulty formidable enough for the outsider like myself, yet bound, I think, to confront even the business man when he comes to teach business ethics. The teacher has to be extraordinarily familiar with the *trade customs* prevailing in the industry wherein his problem arises. Without a knowledge of these one can get very far astray. Naturally, any school of business wants to draw illustrations from a great variety of industries and occupations, from finance, manufacturing, wholesale and retail distribution, and so forth. But a complete knowledge of the trade customs in all these fields must be a very rare possession if, indeed, anyone has it. My own impression is that the best way to teach business ethics is for the professor to have at his side, when he begins the discussion of any case, someone intimate with the trade customs of the field in which that particular case lies. The difficulty of trying to apply general (*Continued on page* 45)

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West Lynn

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Unlike East Lynne, this is a story of a happy union—a company union, to be precise, in a factory of the General Electric Company. Yet some of the most acute questions in present-day industrial relations come to the surface here. Must democracy put itself into the hand of the technicians, the expert minority? Or can it make the experts its servants? Such questions are at the heart of the conflict between company unions and the independent labor movement —between the proponents of democracy and those who declare it a failure

THE factories of the General Electric Company dominate West Lynn. West Lynn feels like a suburb of the General Electric Company. The Boston and Maine maintains a shabby little station there. The streets from the station to the main factory buildings are lined with houses that suggest high aspirations without corresponding economic attainment. The wide thoroughfare that runs past the Works is marred by the tracks of an interurban electric railway whose occasional cars come lumbering along like rather seedy and rheumatic old men. But there is nothing seedy or rheumatic about the General Electric. The trim, severely simple, glistening administration building stands at attention behind the high iron fence that marks off its domain with military precision. A uniformed guard awaits you as you enter the pillared gates. You present your credentials and ask for the manager's office. The guard directs you to the administration building. There another uniformed guard receives you, lets the light of experienced eyes play upon your countenance, confirms your appointment and with genial mutterings, escorts you up the elevator to G. H. Q.

Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, had given me a letter of introduction to Nelson J. Darling, manager of the River Works, which is distinguished, among other things, for its highly developed company union, hereinafter referred to as the Plan of Representation. Mr. Swope, like myself, comes from Missouri. He is an engineer, an enquiring mind devoted to experimentation as essential to scientific and social progress, moved by a deep faith in the principles and aspirations of democracy, not as a system of dogmas and rigid legalistic forms, but as an open field for the development of the capacities of the common run of mankind; fearless not only in his openminded approach to technical and mechanical problems, but also with respect to problems of human relationships, problems of industrial government. On several occasions he had invited me to discuss with him certain phases of the company's industrial relations program—group insurance, unemployment insurance and the like. In these discussions the question of democratic government in industry inevitably came to the fore. As I read history and watch it in the making, the trade unions composing the self-governing organized labor movement have not only been the trail blazers and builders of the foundations of industrial democracy but are also as indispensable to the healthy growth of our democratic life as the commons are to the parliamentary system of England or our houses of representatives to American constitutional democracy. With all their crudities and shortcomings, they remain a great bulwark not only of justice to the wage workers but also of our democratic purpose as a nation. Why then were the trade unions not functioning in the plants of the General Electric Company? Why especially at West Lynn where, under the Plan of Representation introduced by the War Labor Board, on which the trade unions had coordinate representation with the employers, were the unions virtually non-existent? It was primarily with a view to at least a tentative answer that President Swope gave me his letter of introduction.

MR. DARLING and some half dozen members of his executive staff met me in this same spirit of candor. I felt that I owed it to them to explain my trade union bias while at the same time making clear my faith in inductive science as applied to social problems. Many years ago, Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, while professor of astronomy and director of the observatories of Washington University in St. Louis, used to keep the great clocks by which the time on a number of railroads was regulated. These clocks were geared to the stars by means of a transit-telescope. The observer, lying on his back under the eye-piece, would touch an electric key as the star passed over the meridian. An essential part of the reckoning was the mathematically predetermined personal equation of the observer. It is often an illusion with students of social phenomena that they are able to approach a situation such as confronted me that morning in West Lynn with unprejudiced minds, minds free from the distortions of the personal equation. In that observatory, years ago, Professor Pritchett forever cured me of that illusion. Within a few minutes after we had gathered about the conference table at West Lynn, we knew one another's biases with respect to labor relationships and especially with respect to organized labor. For the remainder of that day we discussed every question any one of us could think of, without heat, with candor, as neighbors.

The concensus of opinion was that the Plan of Repre-

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sentation in West Lynn owed its success to the mutual confidence that had been established between management and employes, and that the basis of confidence was the sharing of knowledge not only of the technique of production, but also of the financial operations of the plant as a unit. There are two separate factories in West Lynn—the River Works and the Federal Street Works. They are not conducted as an independent business enterprise. They do not solicit orders or sell directly to the consumer. They manufacture for the General Sales Department of the company. On the sales record of past years and with the assistance of a staff of business forecasters, a committee composed of the general manufacturing executives and managers of the various factories, on which the River Works manager sits, allocates an annual budget which fixes the production bogey for the year. Through the plant magazine, through departmental, shop and committee conferences, everybody has an opportunity to learn what the operating budget of the plant is, what its current costs and earnings are and how these are distributed down to the least of the employes.

This open accounting is the beginning and basis of team work; it is the visible and tangible symbol of the personal confidence without which no plan of employe-management cooperation can function effectively. Within the River Works itself, for example, there is a budgeting department, headed by a production manager, which not only allocates the general budget to the various departments, divisions and shops, but also has its own forecasters and appraisers of business demand with whose guidance it keeps the budget flexibly adjusted to current material and financial requirements. Each divisional superintendent, each departmental manager, each foreman, each worker knows what is expected of him, what resources he has to go on. The game in each case is to beat bogey, with the assurance, especially in the case of piece workers, that they will share in the savings of more efficient production. One of Mr. Swope's favorite doctrines is that under intelligent management and within reasonable limits, increased profits and increased wages are compatible with lower prices and in the long run must accrue from increased sales stimulated by lowered cost to the consumer.

THIS systematic effort on the part of the executives to engage the minds of the workers in the solution of production problems, especially since it is combined with various systems of special financial rewards, awakens among the workers a sense that their personal worth is recognized, that they belong to the family. It is a calculated concession to the fundamental theory of democracy, although not at all democratic in the conventional sense.

For the workers have no share in drafting the budget, neither have they any primary responsibility for its execution any more than they would have under the ordinary trade union system of collective bargaining. The primary responsibility rests upon the manager and to meet it he is supported by a highly specialized technical staff. In addition to the usual number of immediate assistants—the general superintendent, general assistant, assistant manager, the departmental heads, divisional superintendents, foremen—he has the aid of a research laboratory whose twenty-four specialists are constantly seeking to discover new and improved methods of designing and constructing the turbines, generators, compressors, street lighting and signal apparatus, which are the principal products of the River Works in West Lynn. The workers are geared into this stimulating research game by a system of awards for suggestions. The production manager, one of whose principal functions is to translate the general budget into terms of day by day production requirements, is directly responsible to the manager, and this is also true of the head of the time study department whose analyses of the performance of the men and women at the bench and machine are used in setting the piece work prices. The manager also has his special industrial representative to aid him in his duties under the Plan of Representation. The directory of the staff organization of this one manufacturing unit of the General Electric Company fills three closely printed ledger sheets.

THERE are certain general analogies between the relation which the manager of such a factory as the River Works in West Lynn bears to the working force and that which the president of a trade union bears to the union membership. Both are chosen because of their special training and fitness for the job. Both are themselves experts in the larger sense of the term. But the atmospheres in which they function are in sharp contrast. The manager is the product of the modern machine technology, the ordinary trade union president is the tribal chieftain, the shepherd, often, indeed, only the bell-wether of his flock. The manager does not feel that he is making a confession of incompetence when, in addition to the customary small staff of administrative assistants, he surrounds himself with a corps of specialized technicians. His stature is not diminished either in his own eyes or in those of the rank and file because he relies for guidance in the detailed execution of his duties upon experts whose business it is to know more about cross-sections of the work than he does, and through whom he exercises command of the plant as a whole.

It is one of the weaknesses of representative democracy that elected representatives of the people have not very generally developed this wise and courageous humility. Our national House of Representatives has not provided any such staff of technical advisers for its committees though they are charged with responsibility for drafting legislation on subjects of far-reaching public importance and of infinite technical complexity. The recent labor government of Great Britain placed the development of a national electric power system in the front of their domestic program; "but," wrote Heber Blankenhorn, foreign correspondent of Labor, "there was no power engineer in or near the government." The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America are exceptional, if not unique, among American labor unions in that they maintain an economic research department headed by a statistical and economic specialist whose business it is to keep the union executives as accurately informed of the state of markets and the economic problems of the industry as the manager of the largest men's clothing factory. The Federated Shopcrafts of the Railway Employes Department of the American Federation of Labor have retained a specialized mechanical engineer to advise with them in the development of the union-management cooperative plan in the locomotive repair shops of the Baltimore and Ohio and

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other railroads. But these are conspicuous exceptions to usual trade union practice.

The salient impression left upon my mind by my conference with Mr. Darling and his associates was that of their zeal, skill and humility in bringing to bear not only upon their mechanical problems but upon the problems of human relationships all the resources of modern science through specially trained technicians. The unions are at a great disadvantage because of the hangover of distrust of the technical expert from the days before their right to technical cooperation with management had even begun to be recognized and when in their fight for existence they generally found the technical expert their most ruthless and skillful enemy. They have not yet discovered that the technician, like the stop-watch, is an indispensable tool in the conduct of modern industry—a tool without which no group can function effectively in the field of production or financial control. They are organized to strike against injustice; with few exceptions they have not equipped themselves to exercise the constructive responsibilities of partners in industrial government even when successful strikes place them in a position to exercise the functions of responsible power.

ON my second day in West Lynn, Manager Darling invited the six employe members of the two most important joint committees under the Plan of Representation, together with the representative of the River Works employe bond-holders on the board of directors of the General Electric Employes Securities Corporation, to meet me. They gave me a searching once-over as I entered the conference room. It was hard to tell whether the peculiar glint in their eyes was due to the ordinary nervousness of a first meeting or to the scepticism of the time-hardened labor leaders toward "outsiders." Later they told me that they had "caucused" on the way to our meeting, "to try to dope out what this guy's racket might be"—an interesting circumstance, inasmuch as they had not only been summoned by the manager but also knew that I bore a letter of introduction from the president of their company. To the end they couldn't quite decide whether I was simply myself or in some obscure way an agent of their president. Mr. Darling introduced me to the Seven and urged them to feel free to discuss my questions fully.

But the manager's assurance did not clear the atmosphere. To get things going I was compelled to repeat my discussions of trade unionism with Mr. Swope and to redefine my personal equation. I told them that I was a member of a trade union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and that it was from the point of view of a member of the independently organized labor movement that I approach their experiment in company unionism in West Lynn.

That reference to trade unionism loosed every tongue. They hastened to tell me that every man there had been a member of his craft union, that all of them had participated in the great strike of 1918 when, to everybody's surprise, more than 95 per cent of the workers had "hit the street" and signed up with the unions; that they were all still trade unionists at heart. Then they began pointing out the limitations and imperfections of the Plan. They were just a trifle apologetic about their defection from their unions. After half an hour, I interrupted them to explain that as a trade unionist I was under a certain temptation to egg them forward along these critical lines, but I called their attention to the resolution adopted by the American Federation of Labor at its last annual convention calling for a scientific appraisal of company unions. "As I understand your experience," I said, "you have derived benefits from your Plan of Representation. What are they? What produced them? What I should like you to do is to forget my trade-union bias, to which you have responded so sympathetically, and sell the plan to me." This request proved more effective in opening the doors of their minds than the reference to my trade-union affiliation. They went about the business of selling their plan with enthusiasm.

"BEFORE 1918, the labor policy of West Lynn was very autocratic," one of the higher executives had confessed. The Seven confirmed this characterization. During the war the cry of patriotism was used to speed up production. The working force was increased, hours were increased, overtime became the rule, sentiment tended to become part payment in lieu of increased wages. The national organizers of the craft unions—machinists, electrical workers, molders, pattern makers, nineteen craft and central bodies in all—began to buzz about the factory. They made converts, how many they themselves did not accurately know. On July 18, 1918, picked men went through the shops like town criers, calling upon the workers to come out. Even the trade-union leaders were amazed at the response. All except a handful of workers joined in the holiday rush. The strike was 100 per cent effective.

But the unions were not prepared to take constructive advantage of their initial success. There was probably not a single trade-union official, not excepting the local strike leaders, who was familiar with the special technical and administrative problems of the General Electric Company's works in West Lynn as a manufacturing unit. The craft unions began to pull and haul for special advantages, each union aiming at a separate agreement without much regard to the other unions and without a common constructive program for the plant as a whole. The strikers wanted their unions recognized, the management was opposed to trade unionism. The Massachusetts State Board of Conciliation made unsuccessful attempts at mediation. The strike became a highly emotional milling about, lacking single-minded leadership. This impression I gathered only in part from the Seven who, because of their uncertainty as to my precise status, were as cautious in criticising the officers of the unions with which they had formerly been affiliated as they were in criticising the Plan; I owe it principally to certain of the national trade-union officers who were on the ground at the time. No one, I gather, was more greatly relieved by the ultimate intervention of the War Labor Board than the national trade-union officials themselves.

The unions, with few exceptions, have not yet discovered that the technician, like the stop-watch, is an indispensable tool in the conduct of modern industry

It was by authority of the national trade-union officials who made up half its membership, as well as by its own

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authority as a governmental agency, that the Board ordered the strikers back to work as a condition of intervention. They went back at the end of three weeks. On November 26, after the Armistice had been signed, the Plan of Representation, worked out under the supervision of the War Labor Board, was inaugurated in West Lynn.

One needs here to recall one of the principles governing the procedure of the War Labor Board: "In establishments where union and non-union men and women now work together and the employer meets only with employes or representatives engaged in said establishments, the continuance of such conditions shall not be deemed a grievance." This principle was the joint work of the labor and employer representatives on the Board. It applied to the strikers in West Lynn. The Board, through a staff representative known as an examiner, dealt with the strike leaders, not as officers of their unions but as "representatives engaged in said establishment." But while the Plan finally endorsed by the Board was formulated under its guidance by representatives of management and employes in said establishment, the employe representatives retained their union membership and kept in constant touch with their national trade-union officials. Article 39 of the Plan provides that "there shall be no discrimination, either on the part of the employes or the management, in respect to race, creed, society, fraternity or union." For upwards of a year and a half the employe representatives took advantage of this provision, without protest or interference by the management. But increasingly the national officers of the various craft unions, preoccupied with the abnormally difficult problems resulting from the after-war deflation of labor and the determined open shop drive of anti-union employers, left the local leaders to their own resources. The success of the Plan itself in removing the more acute grievances that had occasioned the strike weaned the workers away from their unions, in whose historic struggles for the establishment of humane standards most of them had taken no part and with whose larger aims they were unfamiliar. Today even the strike leaders, most of whom still work in the factory, carry no union membership cards. The unions to whose militancy against industrial autocracy the workers at West Lynn owe the Plan have ceased to function there.

Neither the Seven nor the national officers of the trade unions who have discussed the subject with me gave me a convincing explanation of this turn of events. The Seven felt that their national officers had failed to give them adequate support in their time of trial. They had accepted the Plan reluctantly under pressure from their national officers exerted through the War Labor Board. They were instructed not only to accept the Plan in good faith but also to make it work, and yet they were later criticised as upholders of company unionism in resolutions adopted by national conventions of their unions. The national officers contend that their defection from the unions was due principally to their lack of moral stamina, their inability to withstand the enticements of management.

Practically all the special advantages enjoyed by the workers have accrued to them as a result not of their own but of the Company's initiative. . . . The forms of democracy are becoming, in the hands of the experts, a device for promoting technical efficiency even more than channels of free democratic expression

These divergent views are so highly colored by personal emotions that no outsider can ever hope to get at the straight of them. But one fact rises above the fog of personalities with sharp certainty. The acting manager of the plant in 1918, R. H. Rice, was a man of great ability and determined purpose. He had the full support not only of the general officers of the company as a whole, but of a highly disciplined and thoroughly articulated local staff organization. He had been brought up in the individualistic tradition which for a generation had withstood the attempts of the union to organize the workers in West Lynn. He had shared in the formulation of the Plan and he was determined to make it work within the clear limitations of the principle by which the Board's procedure was guided. Under his aggressive leadership the Plan of Representation was put into effect swiftly, unfalteringly, masterfully.

UNDER the Plan, the works were divided into sections each containing, as nearly as practical, two hundred employes; craft lines were broken up. The qualified voters in each of the sections—all employes, except foremen, assistant foremen and leading hands, of three months' continuous standing on the payroll—were entitled to elect by secret ballot, from among their number, two employe representatives. Within two weeks after the general election, these representatives were required to elect three members to a series of committees upon which they and the management have equal representation. The most important of these committees is the General Joint Committee on Adjustment which next to the general manager is the highest court of appeal in the adjustment of grievances. Any grievance must first be taken up with the leading hand or foreman of the work on which the employe is engaged. If the employe is not satisfied with the foreman's decision, he may take an appeal to his shop committee. If in turn he is not satisfied with the ruling of that committee he may, unless its decision is unanimous, appeal to the department head. Again if this ruling is unsatisfactory, he may turn to the General Joint Commission on Adjustment. Finally, if he is not satisfied with the decision of the General Joint Committee on Adjustment, he may, unless the decision of this committee is unanimous, carry his appeal to the manager whose decision is final.

It is said that before the first election of representatives was held and so before the first employe representatives on the Committee of Adjustment were selected, a complete slate of candidates was worked out at trade-union headquarters outside of the plant, in cooperation with the national trade-union officials, although the Plan provided that all elections should be held within the plant itself. However this may be, the three principal local leaders of the 1918 strike were the first employe representatives on the first General Joint Committee of Adjustment. From the beginning, these former trade unionists, have been the backbone

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of the employes' organization within the plant. But in spite of their vigorous aggressiveness in the early days when their aim was to convert the Plan into standard craft union collective agreements, they were not able, lacking the support of any adequate staff organization in the national unions, to take and hold the initiative beyond the period of the strike itself. Almost from the beginning, the initiative was taken over by the very able manager and his corps of technical assistants.

About three years after the inauguration of the Plan, E. A. Morrow of Queens University, Canada, made it the subject of a thesis which has since been published by the General Electric Company and may so be taken as authoritative. Mr. Morrow stresses the fact that at the start the men chosen to act upon the committees were, with the exception of a few of the higher company officials, unfamiliar with committee work and procedure, unpracticed in subordinating their opinions and beliefs to an impartial weighing of facts. "It was realized," he reports, "that constructive effort on the part of the company would be needed to break down the mutual feeling of distrust inherited by employe and executive from pre-Plan days." He then explains how in order to dispel distrust the management initiated round table conferences of shop committees "conducted under expert guidance" which were held every working day except Saturday over a period of three weeks.

The success of the Plan of Representation in removing the more acute grievances that had occasioned the strike weaned the workers away from their unions. . . . The unions to whose militancy against industrial autocracy the workers at West Lynn owe the Plan have ceased to function there

The methods by which the expert in charge of all conferences approached his problem of starting the ball to roll [he continues] are a perfect example of inductive teaching. The result was a complete change of attitude on the part of the men not only towards one another but also towards the problems they were asked to solve. . . . As confidence increased the men themselves brought up old problems of the shop which they dealt with fairly and impartially. Finally one man and another would suggest current shop problems for discussion with the result that many of them were solved, while conditions were brought to the attention of the management that had never before been thought to exist. By the time the last conference was over the worker and the executive had learned to understand and to appreciate each other and a foundation for the harmonious solution of shop difficulties had been well laid.

From the beginning the management had its specialized expert on the job of initiating and guiding these conferences and so of shaping the life of the Plan. Under the Plan the workers pay no dues. They have not so much as a company union treasury. They have no expert advisers to supplement their own experience and skill. The men and women who represent them in section and shop and on the various joint committees carry their responsibilities as representatives in addition to their responsibilities as wage-earners. Moreover from the beginning they were debarred from calling in even their national trade-union officials while the Company placed its highest paid executives on the most important joint committees without limiting their choice of advisers. To add to their difficulties, their national craft unions themselves had no staff organization whose business it should have been to know the technical organization, the production and management problems of the River Works with some approximation to the knowledge possessed by the staff organization of management. The result was that from the beginning the management alone possessed all the essential resources required for initiative in developing the Plan, in which its influence inevitably became preponderant.

Now this is not said in criticism. The result of the Company's initiative and of the close-knit work of the technical staff has been to give the workers an exceptionally high sense of the meaning of a manufacturing establishment as a production unit. It has given them considerable discipline in the technique of democratic organization and administration, although the discipline is not of the rugged sort which independently organized workers get in establishments where they themselves are the builders and carriers of democracy. There are no doubt many workers who chafe under the imperfections of the Plan, who feel that grievances are not promptly attended to, who feel that their representatives are not sufficiently aggressive in their interest, who are puzzled and perplexed by the elaborate technical machinery of budgeting, time studies, rate fixing, bonuses and the rest; and yet the fact remains that if for any reason they should be impelled to break away, the craft unions would at present hardly be prepared to guarantee them the advantages which they now enjoy under the Plan. They follow the lead of management because management is better equipped than the trade unions to lead them.

AFTER hours of discussion with the Seven during which they had been selling the Plan to me, one of them asked, "Well, what do you think of our Plan now?" Unhesitatingly I replied that given all the conditions so far as I knew them, it seemed to me that the Plan provided great advantages, and that there was still much room within its scope for the development not only of cooperative relationships between employes and management but also of the capacity for self-government among the employes themselves. From the point of view of the organized labor movement itself, it seemed to me that the Plan deserved sympathetic appraisal rather than purely destructive criticism. The reasonableness of this conclusion was confirmed in my mind by the subsequent statement of an officer of one of the large international trade unions having a special interest in West Lynn, who told me that word had come to him that a group of workers in one of the larger General Electric plants had asked to be organized. "I have sent instructions," he continued, "to our local representative to let those men alone. What could we do with them if we did sign them up? Nothing but call them out on strike on some issue formulated for the occasion and then try to lead them in an isolated fight which would inevitably result in defeat." This statement prompted me to ask whether there was a single workshop in America under collective agreement with his union, in which such a constructive policy of union-management cooperation as that in vogue in the locomotive repair shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was in full or experimental effect. "Not

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one," he said. "The condition in every one is that of a truce."

In other words, craft unions are prepared to strike against exploitation and injustice but they are not prepared to exercise constructive power in situations where the management has established and maintains satisfactory wages and other working conditions, and has supplemented these basic elements of the usual collective agreement with an aggressive program for educating the workers in the financial and production problems of the company and otherwise engaging their loyalty.

This the General Electric Company has done to an unusual degree. Many years before the Plan was inaugurated the company had stimulated the organization of a Mutual Benefit Association to provide modest sick and death benefits and relief for emergency distress. Also before the inauguration of the Plan of Representation the company started a pension system under which any male employe who has reached the age of seventy, any female employe who has reached the age of sixty, and any employe who has served twenty or more consecutive years and who becomes permanently incapacitated for further work may, at the discretion of the pension board, be granted a pension. In recognition of the value of continuous service the company further gives all employes receiving less than $4,000 a year, of five or more years' continuous service, semi-annual supplementary compensation equal to 5 per cent of their wages or salaries, either in cash or General Electric Employe Security Corporation bonds, as the employe prefers. For the six months ending December 31, 1925 supplementary compensation amounting to $1,367,400 was paid to 30,813 employes.

In 1919, by arrangement with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the company at its own expense provided death benefits in favor of dependent relatives, in amounts varying from $500 to $1,500, according to the terms of service. During a period of six years more than $2,000,000 was paid to some 1,800 families of deceased employes. In October, 1925, the company made an arrangement with the Metropolitan under which employes might supplement free insurance by themselves buying policies at especially favorable rates. The company has also developed a plan for assisting employes in the purchase and building of homes which has enabled them to finance houses to a value in excess of two million dollars. In 1919, 1920 and 1921, taking advantage of the interest in thrift which had been developed during the war, the company offered 7 per cent investment bonds to its employes, who acquired an aggregate of $9,736,000 of these securities. In 1920 the company offered the employes 50,000 shares of its common stock on a monthly payment plan at a subscription price of $136 per share. More than 10,000 employes completed their payments and received over 46,000 shares.

The fluctuation in value of these securities during the period of business depression created a considerable amount of nervousness among the employes who had purchased them. To avoid this complication the company in January 1923 organized the General Electric Employes Securities Corporation whose management is entrusted to a board of fifteen directors, seven of whom were elected by and represent the bond holders who are employes in the various plants of the General Electric. All of the capital stock of this corporation is owned by the company which purchases the General Electric Securities Corporation 6 per cent bonds and sells them to employes in units of ten dollars, for cash or on a monthly payment plan. So long as the employes retain their bonds and remain in service of the company, the company adds 2 per cent to the 6 per cent paid by the corporation, making an 8 per cent investment. The bonds can be redeemed at any time and partial payments are refunded upon demand. Individual subscriptions are limited to a maximum of $500 per year. Bonds outstanding in the hands of employes amount to $18,453,770 while those in course of acquisition on the installment plan aggregate a further $2,645,740. The funds of the corporation are invested in securities of the General Electric Company and in electric public utilities in the United States.

By such means the company has not only contributed to the financial security of its employes but has given them a sense of partnership in promoting its success. How profound the effect has been upon their minds is illustrated by the statement of one who was a striker in 1918, that he prizes his position on the board of directors of the Genreal Electric Employes Securities Corporation above any other office that his fellow workers could confer.

THERE can be no question of the advantages which have accrued to the employes through the company's initiative not only in developing the Plan but also in buttressing it with these various investment arrangements. But from the point of view of the employes as a group and especially from the point of view of their status as independent citizens of the community, it has certain very definite dangers. At West Lynn the impression is borne in upon one that these ten thousand odd workers are pocketed not only from the labor movement in general but from the employes of the other manufacturing establishments of the company. There is no organized intercourse among the workers in the various establishments. Attempts of employe representatives to initiate such intercourse have been discouraged. Their critical attitude as citizens toward the public policies of the company and more especially of electrical utilities has been definitely circumscribed and blunted by their acquisition of millions of securities whose earnings depend upon the prosperity not only of the General Electric Company but of these utilities in which the funds of the General Electric Securities Corporation are invested. It may be that the policies of the company and of the leaders in the electrical industry with which the company is associated are not only wise but preponderantly in the public interest. Nevertheless the question as to the relation of the public to the control of the rapidly developing electrical industry is highly controversial and there is a reasonable probability that if the policies of the industry came into conflict with public policies as formulated by federal, state and municipal governments, the

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employes would feel that they had given hostages to remain loyal to the policies of the industry. They have no independent channel such as the organized labor movement ostensibly affords to make their free judgment as citizens effective. This is in sharp contrast with the situation of the company itself which is not only an institution of national and international scope but is also affiliated with large organized groups such as those represented in the National Chamber of Commerce and the National Electric Light Association which give very special attention to questions of public policy and legislation in the interest of industrial managements.

The striking fact about West Lynn is that practically all the special advantages enjoyed by the workers have accrued to them as a result not of their own but of the company's initiative. For in West Lynn the forms of democracy are becoming, in the hands of the experts, a device for promoting technical efficiency even more than channels of free democratic expression. Having agreed to supplant autocratic control with the idea of representative government, the management, with the assistance of its technical staff, got the jump not only on the trade unions but also upon the employe representatives and has maintained the initiative ever since. Pensions, insurance, thrift investments and an elaborate system of education ranging from the instruction of workers at the machine and joint conference committees on production problems to supplement joint conference committees on grievances, through a highly organized apprentice school and courses conducted in cooperation with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, all have been initiated by the company and kept under its firm control. This is notably true of the employment department whose files are under the exclusive care of the company and whose records are built up not only through interviews at the plant but also through correspondence with previous employers—a system which, as one of the local executives explained, makes it possible to keep mischief-makers and agitators out of the works. It must also be remembered that all costs of the Plan itself, including the cost of the time which employe representatives spend in conferences and on joint committees are borne by the company. So far as the essentials of democratic control go there is little democracy under the Plan.

Now compare this situation with that in the men's clothing industry, where half the costs of all the machinery for the adjustment of grievances and all the expenses of employe representatives are borne by the union. In the Chicago market, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union maintains one of the most efficient and most expertly staffed employment exchanges to be found in any industry. Employers hire workers almost exclusively through this exchange and the union is held exclusively responsible for supplying competent workmen. Similarly, the system of unemployment insurance in the Chicago market was devised by the union and its experts and is predominantly under the union's administrative control. The union has its own banks which not only make character loans to its members but which are diligent in finding opportunities for safe and advantageous investment not only for union members but for all depositors. Its executive and office staff are protected under a group insurance policy carried with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The union conducts educational classes and publishes papers in several languages which are edited entirely by its own staff and on its own responsibility. It maintains an economic research department through which it has acquired a unique knowledge of the clothing and textile markets as a whole, a knowledge which it uses not only to maintain a flexible adjustment of wages and wage standards to market conditions but which it also places at the disposal of manufacturers who find it valuable in making their business forecasts. There have indeed been cases where the union has not only advanced money to help manufacturers over financial difficulties but where its technical staff has actively and effectively cooperated in recognizing production methods with a view to eliminating inefficiency and waste. On Mr. Swope's favorite theory that reduced costs and increased wages are not inconsistent and that indeed the one is dependent upon the other, the union has taken the initiative in introducing production standards throughout a large part of the men's clothing industry. Practically all of these activities are carried forward under the jurisdiction of joint boards on which all the separate crafts within the industry are represented and through which the crafts coordinate their several interests and policies into an industrial policy based upon intimate knowledge of the economic and technical requirements not only of the industry as a whole but of the hundreds of separate manufacturing plants within the industry. The expert functions, not as the master but the servant of the group. Most of the specialists used in reorganizing shop practices are men who have come out of the rank and file. The special advantages which the members enjoy they themselves have won and paid for like free men.

By contrast with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the organization of the General Electric employes under the Plan of Representation in West Lynn—without dues, without a treasury, without its own technical staff, without the essentials of free initiative except in matters of recreation and grievances—makes the impression of a bottle-fed and company-cradled organization. And yet, as I have said, the scope of the activities which have been developed under the Plan is so much wider than the scope of the activities ordinarily developed under trade union collective agreements that it is worth much not only to the employes at West Lynn but to the labor movement in general that this particular infant should be bottle-fed. The General Electric is maintaining in West Lynn a "service test station" which may make as great a contribution to the technique of industrial relations as its physical research laboratories have made and are making to the technique and development of the electrical industry.

If, however, the West Lynn experiment is to justify this description it is essential that it should be subjected to the same continuing analysis and appraisal in relation to the purposes of our democratic community as that to which the experiments and results of the company's technical laboratories are subjected. The situation created by the concurrent development of company unions of the West Lynn type and the autonomous trade unions raises questions of the most far-reaching consequence to the future of democracy itself. We are living in a scientific age, the age of the expert. The fundamental question defined by the contrast between the Plan of Representation in West Lynn and the autonomous organization of the workers in the men's clothing industry is this: *Shall the democratic group, conscious of its intellectual and spiritual limitations, submit to the beneficient direction of the expert, or shall it adhere to our traditional democratic faith that* (*Continued on page* 49)

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"Little bandits!"

Just Like Steve

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Linoleum Cut by Margaret Schloemann

THE brains in the Boushka family came by way of Mike, who with his wife and two children had emigrated to try their fortunes in the new world. But Mike soon succumbed to American industry in its tubercular form, taking his brains with him, and leaving in the person of his widow as ineffective a guardian for Mamie and Nicky as ever a man selected for his children. Mrs. Boushka's one flash of good judgment was to send for Mike's old mother, from whom he had presumably inherited his ability, and she, pathetically pleased to still be of use in the world, kept the house for the family and two roomers, leaving few duties for the younger woman but to sit heavily by, and collect the room rent. Granny did what bringing up of the children she could in the intervals of her housework, but knowing nothing of the language, or of any customs but those of a Slavic village, her discipline was not very effective, and Mamie and Nicky played in the alleys like young outlaws, teasing their heavy-eyed mother into fretful scoldings, and dazzling old Granny with their knowledge of the world. It is not very good for a girl of fifteen and a boy of thirteen to be brought up solely by a lazy mother, an overworked grandmother, and a neighborhood gang, and the effect of this training on their behavior was about what one would expect.

It had even penetrated Mrs. Boushka's sleepy intelligence that something had better be done with Mamie or she would get them into trouble. Boys, she felt, could take care of themselves. Mrs. Boushka sat by the kitchen table on which were stacked the dishes of the day, ready for Mamie to wash when she came home from school. Granny crouched on the woodbox resting her old bones after collecting kindlings down by the packing houses.

"Where are the kids?" inquired their mother, "School oughtta been out long ago; Mamie oughtta be here washing them dishes."

"She'd rather sit in school reading the books, than come home and do dirty work. Fine ladies don't like it," cackled the old lady.

"Sure. That's what comes of schoolin'," agreed Mrs. Boushka. "Readin' and writin'! What does she read? And what does she write? She'd oughtta get married. Kids like Mamie are better off married—she's most sixteen."

Granny agreed with some misgivings. "But girls don't want husbands like they used to. A husband don't want a book reader. He wants a cook, and Mamie can't cook. Mr. Lusky here, he likes a good soup."

Mrs. Boushka nodded, "But he likes Mamie too. He's got a good cigar store. Mamie could sell cigars. What you think, Granny?"

Granny paused with still further misgivings, and then answered what she knew was the real, and not the apparent question.

"Girls like the young fellas. They don't like old boys like Lusky. I used to like the young fellas." She leaned back and chuckled in toothless reminiscence. "Remember young Timothy, him that used to thresh on old Niko's threshing floor? Timothy's father and grandfather, they

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were young fellas, those fellas were! The girls don't know what young fellas are nowadays. Well, well, well!" she clucked to herself, "Lusky's all right," at which point the door opened and the stout proprietor of the cigar store, of whom they spoke, entered, sat down with his hat on, and his collar off, and asked where Mamie was. The two women winked at each other.

"Never too old to love," shrieked the old lady.

"Mamie's a good kid, ain't she?" simpered Lusky, "And I ain't so old." He pushed up his sleeve and exhibited his biceps, at which all of them laughed loudly, utterly ignoring the appearance of Steve, the other roomer, who had also entered in the meantime and seated himself in the remaining chair. His presence was plainly not wanted. He was young, on the pattern of what is known popularly as a "sheik," and he and his landlady and Lusky exchanged glances of mutual disgust.

"Sure Mamie's a good kid," Steve observed, joining unasked into the conversation. "To good for an old sport like you."

Mrs. Boushka glared at this intruder into her plans.

"You gotta job jet?" she asked icily. "I'll need the room rent on Friday."

"You'll get it, don't you worry," Steve answered with a contemptuous gesture.

"I don't know where *you* get it," answered Mrs. Boushka shrugging her shoulders. "Mr. Lusky here, *he's* got a good business. You don't need Mamie in your store do you?" she asked, turning to Lusky. "Mamie's good in school. She can write and figure swell."

"Sure I need a smart young kid in the store, I was going to ask about Mamie"—at which point the door opened and both children burst in, shouting with laughter.

They danced around the room shrieking with excitement, and dragging after them what turned out to be chickens on the end of two strings. Mamie with a gray chicken capered after Nicky with a black one, and the adults stared in uncomprehending astonishment as the chickens were dragged around the table, till old Granny threw up her apron and began to laugh. "Little bandits! I've seen them steal geese that way in the mountains and get shot for it too. Granny'll make a stew for the little bandits." Steve, grasping the game, gave an appreciative snort, but to Lusky and Mrs. Boushka the matter had to be explained.

"We didn't steal 'em," said Nicky, "we just dragged our strings with corn on the end, and it ain't our fault, is it, if they got greedy and swallowed 'em? You'd oughtta seen them come stepping along when they'd swallowed the corn and we pulled the strings!" and the two children goose-stepped ludicrously in imitation of the hapless chickens so that even the slow-witted Lusky was obliged to laugh.

"I'll put a bay leaf in the stew," cackled Granny.

"And an onion," advised Lusky.

"Who asked you to eat our stew? They're *our* chickens," answered Mamie pertly, adding with a shy glance: "Steve can have some of my chicken."

This, under the circumstances, was, of course, a most unfortunate remark to make. Mrs. Boushka leaned over and twitched Mamie's arm angrily.

"You give that chicken to Granny and you wash them dishes," she snapped. "Mamie's a good little housekeeper," she explained eagerly turning to Lusky, "But girls are silly and need someone to handle them."

It was plain enough to her audience whose handling she considered would be suitable for Mamie. Lusky assumed a self conscious air, Mamie's color heightened and she turned her back saucily on her elderly admirer as she went at the dishes. Steve gave the company a cynical glance, and even Granny looked uncomfortable. She and her friends had all been married as a matter of course at sixteen, and to older men of means, instead of young ne'er-do-wells, if such a match could be managed by their elders. She had no logical complaint against her daughter-in-law, if she pursued the same method which had united her to the excellent Mike. Nevertheless a vague presentiment told the old lady, whose feelings were fairly acute, that the system would not work with Mamie as it had worked with her, and that her granddaughter would not relinquish her hold upon the Steves of her day, as she herself had dutifully bade farewell to the Timothys of her own.

A Loose Leaf from a PSYCHOLOGIST'S DICTIONARY

Education is the sum of the qualities acquired through individual instruction and social training, and successful teachers are those who capture the admiration of their followers and teach them when their mental development is ripe for their instruction. That their teaching may be vicious in no way impairs its efficiency. The principles of anti-social conduct are passed on by the same educational technique which operates in the soundest training.

THE awkward pause was broken by Steve: "I seen something like that chicken stunt in a show. A rube turn it was."

"That's where I seen it," giggled Nicky, looking doubtfully at his mother. "That's why I tried it."

"You taking good money to go to shows?" snapped his exasperated mother.

"I didn't take no money," explained Nicky, "I just takes a pillow, and I walks up to the office and I says, 'Properties wanted for the stage,' I says. And the fella let me in, and then I took the pillow up to the front and sat on it and saw the show." Steve burst into a shout of laughter, in which the others joined—especially Granny, when it had been explained to her. She chuckled gayly over her grandson's cleverness.

"Granny's little bandit. Like his father, always up to tricks. I wish we had some sauerkraut to go with the chickens," she mused on from her wood box, busily picking the feathers from the captured fowls as she spoke.

"I'll get you some," shouted Nicky starting up, eager for fresh outlets for his energy.

"We ain't got no money for sauerkraut," answered his mother, still out of sorts.

"I don't need no money and I won't steal it either. I thought up a way," returned Nicky, rummaging in the cupboard for an old knife as he spoke.

Steve looked him over critically and took out a silver dollar. "I bet you one simoleon you don't get no kraut without paying for it, or without getting caught."

"I bet I do," shouted Nicky, running out of the door with no further interference from his mother. The sight of a dollar always exercised a wonderfully quieting effect upon her scruples.

"If Nicky's going somewhere, I'm going too," announced

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Mamie, thoroughly sick of her desultory dish washing. "I bet he's going to another show, and it ain't fair, with me washing dishes."

"Wantta go to a show?" asked Lusky with surprising briskness. "I'll take you to a show."

"I don't want to go to a show with you," returned Mamie, paying no heed to her mother's darkening looks, "I want to dance in a show myself"—with which remark, she began to dance in the midst of the group, waving her dish towel like a scarf and whining, "Where's my sweetie hiding?" through her nose in the best vaudeville style.

Both men watched her with interest, and then Steve, in defiance of his hostile audience, rose and joined her in "jazz" dips and posturing, ignoring the jealous and uneasy glances of Mr. Lusky, and the angry gaze of Mrs. Boushka, until the latter rose from her chair and snatched Mamie away from him.

"You let go o' my kid, teachin' all this foolishness and the same to Nicky. You pay your room rent, and you get out. You're no good. Mamie'll be glad to go to a show with you, Mr. Lusky," she added somewhat lamely, and shoving Mamie ahead of her with a disgusted push, she left the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. Presently the wail "Gran-ny, Gran-ny!" was heard in Mamie's voice from the rear, and old Granny left her chicken picking, and hobbled grunting after them to play her usual role of impartial chairman in the Boushka family.

THE two men were now left alone in the kitchen. Each sat tilted back in his chair, his hat resting on his neck, and stared ahead in surly silence. This was finally broken by Lusky who remarked, "You act flush with your dollars all right." To this Steve snapped, "What's it *to* you?"

"And you don't work for it neither. I have to work for *my* money," Lusky went on.

"Selling cigars ain't work, a kid can do it," sneered Steve.

"What you know about it?" returned Lusky angrily, stung into defense of his business ability.

"I know enough to know you don't get the trade," answered Steve.

"Ever thought of trying a few poker tables in the back of your place, to attract customers?"

"I'm going to get Mamie down in my store. She's a pretty kid. She'll attract customers," was Lusky's flat announcement.

"Nicky'd do you more good than Mamie," answered Steve, jingling his keys reflectively. "Mamie'd get the fellas in the store all right, but how d'you know she'd sell 'em cigars? A girl don't have to. She can get her shows and her joy rides without selling cigars; Nicky'd go in the business and make money for *you*. Mamie'd make it for herself; she wouldn't be in business for *your* health, and don't you forget it."

Lusky stirred a bit uneasily at this.

"Are you thinking of marrying the kid and giving her the legal right to waste your money? No fool like an old fool," persisted Steve.

"None o' your business who I marry," rejoined Lusky with a sulky shrug.

Steve leaned over to him eagerly. "See here, Lusky. You leave Mamie alone, and I'll help you to a thing or two with Nicky. He's a smart kid. Look at what he gets away with. Get him trained and ya got a business man. Get Mamie trained, and what ya got?"

"I got Mamie," chuckled Lusky with a leer.

"No ya ain't. Not on your life you ain't got Mamie," rejoined Steve quickly, "Married or unmarried, you ain't got Mamie except her upkeep. Girls chase around with the young guys and don't you forget it. An old boy like you would just pay her overhead."

"Well, what's your idea about Nicky?" inquired Lusky, reluctant, but uneasy over the picture of a young spendthrift wife.

"I could teach Nicky a good poker game. They learn quick when they're young. I learned younger than him myself," explained Steve.

"What good's it done ya if ya did?" demanded Lusky, thinking that he had now made a point.

Steve looked behind him, lit a cigarette with elaborate nonchalance, and drew a hard wad of bills from his pocket. He smoothed them out, counted them before Lusky's fascinated eyes, and replaced them in his pocket. "Fifty berries. Not so bad for one evening, eh?" he commented while Lusky continued to stare in a dazzled fashion at the pocket where the bills had disappeared.

"You'd come in on a percentage basis," Steve volunteered. "I'd teach him, and fix it up with you. Nothing phoney about it. Play one jump ahead of the other guy, is all you have to do, and Nicky could all right. He's full of tricks already. Hear him laughing out there? I bet his gag worked."

AT this point Nicky burst into the room shouting, "Gran-ny. Where's Granny?" and as he shouted, he waved a carton of sauerkraut in the air. His commotion brought the rest of the family peering through the door, and Nicky went on hilariously, "I got the kraut at Tony's delicatessen, and I didn't steal it, and I didn't buy it, and Steve owes me a dollar, don't you, Steve? See. This is how I got it." From his pocket he produced an angle worm, which he laid elaborately on the table, his auditors backing off in some alarm from its unexpected appearance. "See through it, Steve?" giggled Nicky walzing around the table and ecstatically poking his worm.

"You sure got *me*, kid," confessed Steve. "I seen trained dogs and wise birds in my time, but an angle worm with a college education is a new one. How's it done?"

The method, as volubly explained by Nicky, turned out to be simple but effective. He had ordered a quart of sauerkraut, and while Tony's back was turned, had inserted the worm he had just dug. This, he had exhibited in righteous indignation to the owner of the delicatessen, and with a grand air had walked out, threatening to tell the owner of the rival store of the undesirable character of his wares. To purchase his silence, the distracted shopkeeper had pressed upon him a quart of fresh sauerkraut as a gift, and promised to empty out his kraut tubs and purchase further supplies from a more reliable dealer.

Steve listened delightedly to this recital, flipped the dollar over to Nicky, and remarked to Lusky in an undertone, "What did I tell ya? Ain't he got the bean on him?" Then to Nicky, "Wantta learn a game? A game the big guys play?" and at Nicky's delighted assent, he drew up to the table, took a pack of cards and some chips out of his pocket, and began to explain the principles of draw poker.

"You know what a flush is, don't you, Nicky? And three of a kind? That beats two pair," and he illustrated by laying out his cards on the table.

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"Sure," said Nicky. "I seen 'em play that game down to Grogan's, lots o' times." He hung over the table breathing excitedly while Steve gave further instructions, deftly shuffled the cards, and dealt them for a trial game. Mamie looked over Steve's shoulder, Granny picked her chickens industriously, and Lusky and Mrs. Boushka gazed heavily on, disapproving, but nevertheless profoundly impressed by Steve's dollar so carelessly bestowed.

"I want three," shouted Nicky. Then "I raise ya, Steve, I raise ya five."

"Listen to the kid bluffing," chuckled Steve to Lusky. "All right. I call ya, kid. Show your hand." Nicky shouted with laughter, exhibited a full house, and swept in the chips.

"See what I had, Steve? See what I had, Granny? He thought I didn't have nothing, and I trimmed him."

Steve laughed and turned to Lusky. "Did ya ever see the beat of that kid?" he asked as he re-dealt.

Nicky began to giggle as he peered at his cards. "Raise ya ten, Steve."

"Is it beginner's luck, or are ya bluffing me?" asked Steve, looking keenly at him as he laid down twenty chips. Nicky called, drew two cards, and with a flushed face shoved all his chips into the center of the table.

"All right, I guess ya caught 'em," admitted Steve, hesitating slightly. "Take the pot, but let's see what ya got, kid."

Nicky began to shriek, and dance around the room. "Didn't have nothin' but one pair. Bluffed Steve and got the pot! Bluffed Steve and got the pot!" and he rushed to old Granny and hugged her. The others looked on doubtfully at these mysterious proceedings, and Steve murmured, "He's got a poker face already. Even bluffed me. Better have that kid in your business, Lusky. He'd skin the hide off an elephant."

SUDDENLY Mamie ran to the door. "It sounds like little Sadie Sokol cryin' out there. What's the matter with Sadie?"—and she ushered in a very forlorn little girl, who was crying dismally.

"I lost my black chicken," she sobbed. "My little pet chicken. He was so cute, and I guess the dogs got him. I liked my chicken better than anything in the world," she wailed on Mamie's shoulder.

At this tragedy the room suddenly became very still. Old Granny stopped her busy occupation and tried to spread her apron over the disorder on the floor. Nicky's wild joy over his successful game was instantly checked, and he stood frozen with alarm and regret. Mamie managed to combine sympathy with discretion, by throwing her arms around Sadie and making her turn her back to the woodbox and its incriminating evidence.

"I'll get you another chicken," promised Nicky eagerly, when he could collect himself.

"My father says it's no use, the dogs get 'em."

"Then I'll get you a dog," cried Nicky even more enthusiastic, but Sadie's head shook in despair.

"I liked my little chicken so much. He followed me around and everything," she sobbed. Mamie was almost in tears herself by this time, and with her arms around the sorrowing Sadie, went out with her, while Nicky watched them ruefully and then cast his eyes around the room in meditation. In the corner stood two fire extinguishers. Towards these he marched, picked them up and started out the door with them.

"Where ya going, kid?" asked Steve.

"I'm goin' to get Sadie a chicken," answered Nicky stoutly.

"Don't you shoot chickens with that truck you got and get us into trouble," warned his mother.

"I ain't goin to shoot no chickens," he assured her, and trudged out of the door.

Steve turned to the group apologetically, "I would have paid for the kid's chicken, but I want to see what Nicky will do. He's made for big business, that kid is."

"He's made to be a crook," declared Lusky suddenly rousing.

"That's just what I say," agreed Steve, "He's made for business on a large scale. It pays little fellas like you to be honest. The big boys don't have to be. He'll be busting Wall Street some day, that kid will."

"It's not such good business to pay for a chicken when you don't have to," returned Lusky grumpily.

"Oh well," laughed Steve, "Every guy has his soft spot. Even the biggest of them don't like to see the girls cry. Sometimes it takes more than a chicken to stop them, but the idea's the same."

But Mr. Lusky had been thinking his slow thoughts while all this was going on, and had decided that it would not do to have a business partner who was quite so sharp.

"He might pick the cash drawer. I'd rather have Mamie," he announced suddenly.

"Sure you would," agreed Mrs. Boushka in a relieved tone. "Mamie'd work swell for you, Mr. Lusky."

"Ain't I told you to keep your hands off Mamie?" snarled Steve, fiercely, half rising from his chair. "Are you going to let that cute little girl sell tobacco to a bunch of bums in that old fool's store?" he asked, turning to her mother.

"I figure to marry Mamie," went on Mr. Lusky imperturbably.

Mrs. Boushka rose with an alacrity she had not hitherto shown.

"Mamie'll be pleased to marry you, Mr. Lusky," she said delightedly. "She'll make a good little wife."

Steve confronted them. "I'll see you all in hell first," he shouted, showing his teeth.

"He wants her himself," went on the star roomer, gazing at vacancy.

"You're a crook, get out of my house," screamed Mrs. Boushka.

"If I'm a crook, I know it, and that's more than you can say," shouted Steve. "Marrying off that cute kid to old Jumbo! If it comes to buying her, I can pay more than he can. How much do you want for her?" and he took his wad of bills from his pocket and began counting them off to Mrs. Boushka, who gazed at the money speechless, while Mr. Lusky looked on in growing uneasiness.

At this point the door opened abruptly, and a policeman entered shoving Nicky in front of him. Nicky was trying to look very independent and manly, but his furtive glances at Steve implored him for some cue as to how he was to meet this new emergency.

"Here's your kid trying to make out he's the agent for fire extinguishers stolen out of Casey's barber shop," said the officer. "There's been a good many complaints and it looks like Nicky was the thief. Can't you raise your kids? What'd you steal 'em for, Nicky?" he asked shaking the boy slightly by the shoulder.

"I had to have the money," answered Nicky after a pause, hanging down his head.

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"What for?"

"To buy a present," was the still more embarrassed reply.

"A kid sweetheart, hey? What she stick you for? A diamond tyrara?" laughed the policeman.

"She wanted a hen!" answered Nicky, too distressed for the moment to do anything but tell the truth.

"A hen!" shouted the policeman, and threw back his head for a laugh, when his eyes happened to fall on poor scared Granny vainly trying to hide the chicken feathers behind the woodbox. He walked over, kicked them with his foot, and then rummaging among the kindlings he produced the ill-fated black chicken partly plucked, and he held it up accusingly. "It looks like one of old Sokol's hens. He said his kid was crying like hell because she lost it. So you pinched the wrong hen, hey? and then tried to sell stolen goods to pay her back? Is that it?" he asked Nicky.

"It's that fella who teaches him wrong," screamed Mrs. Boushka, pointing at Steve. "I bet he stole them things himself, and got Nicky to sell 'em. That's what I bet," and she shook her fist in Steve's face.

Steve nodded, "She's right. That's what I did," he said quietly to the policeman.

A blank silence fell on the room. The entire Boushka family gazed at Steve with dropping jaws. Lusky's face relaxed in a contented smile, but Mamie's and Nicky's astonishment melted into adoration as they edged toward their hero, now doubly dear.

The policeman stared at Steve incredulously. "You and I ain't strangers, Steve," he said, "and you've been up to plenty of meanness. But a coupla tin cans out of a barber shop ain't your style of graft. It's hard to believe it of you. Did he steal 'em, Nicky?"

Nicky gazed at Steve without answering. He did not know what his idol wanted him to say.

"Sure I stole 'em, and got you to peddle 'em, and don't you forget it," interposed Steve. "I'll tell that to the judge. He'll believe it fast enough," he added with some bitterness.

As the two men moved toward the door, Nicky, who could bear the strain no longer, ran after them. "He didn't steal 'em," he cried, "I stole 'em myself. You know I did. You stay here and take care of Mamie. He threw himself on Steve's arm dragging him back, and Mamie flung her arms around his neck, sobbing convulsively. But Mrs. Boushka snatched a child with each hand and dragged them back, shaking them roughly.

Steve nodded to the officer, "I stole the fire-killers. Don't you worry. But this kid's right to be scared about his sister. Don't let 'em marry her off to that old stiff while I'm gone, will ya? It's only the workhouse, Mamie," he called to the girl, "I'll come back and marry ya, I promise ya I will."

"Swell husband you'd make," remarked the policeman with a laugh.

"As good as that fat alligator they're wishing on to her," rejoined Steve, flushing hotly. "If he lays a damned finger on her, I'll blow up his tobacco joint and him in it. Except for Granny, I'm the only friend these kids 'a got, and they know it."

"Then they're sure outta luck," remarked the policeman dryly, adding with more kindness, "I don't see through your game, but I'll look after the kids. I promise you that."

"I can look after my own kids," was Mrs. Boushka's furious parting shot. "He's a thief, and I won't let my kids be like him."

"No. I don't advise any kids to be like me," was Steve's bitter response as the door closed.

Mamie had in the meantime torn herself from her mother, and she and Nicky clung to each other in the middle of the room.

"Don't cry, Mamie," comforted Nicky. "He'll come back."

"He'd better not," shouted their mother.

"He's a dirty bum," commented Lusky as he tilted back comfortably in his chair.

"He is not. He's the swellest fella I know," sobbed Mamie in hot defense.

"He's a crook," pursued Lusky, cocking his derby over one eye, but otherwise unmoved.

"Well if he's a crook, then I wantta be a crook," announced Nicky. "He's the best guy in the world. When I grow up, I'm goin' to be—just—like—Steve!"

Joe Chimneyman

By EDWIN FORD PIPER

"Joe Bohack! Hey! You never fixed my flue—
Six weeks!"
"Well, after wait so long, I know
You're mad on me, an' break my promise, too."
"So?"
"I got drunk. You wouldn't want me drunk
A-workin' on your roof."
"All forty days?"
"Yes,—no. I been in hospital two times."
"So?"
"Yes, I'm drunk an' workin' on the chimneys.
Come friends to watch an' see me when I fall.
Say 'No, not yet—ain't tumble yet,' in voice
Like mending nerves on saucepan; footstep miss,
Go slip, slide, whissh, bu-ump,—and satisfy."
"Hurt much?"
"Bust arm, lame back—thassall.
And helper laugh, and ladder is too heavy.
I come tomorrow, fix 'er anyhow."

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Where Are the Pre-War Radicals?

A rejoinder by FREDERICK C. HOWE

Mr. Howe was asked by the editors of The Survey to review the symposium of opinions in our February issue on the question; "Where Are the Pre-War Radicals?"—a question inspired by his recent book reviewed in The Survey December last, entitled The Confessions of a Reformer.

YOU have asked me to make rejoinder to the discussion on "Where Are the Pre-war Radicals?" which appeared in your February issue. One thing is evident: there is no single answer to the question. Yet as I reflect on the contributions of the twenty-four who responded to the roll call, it seems that the majority are living their own lives today as they probably lived them before the war. They are following their own enthusiasms. They are finding their own happiness in their own individualistic ways. That I think is a safe haven for any man. Possibly the safest haven of all. Possibly if the entire American people were to follow its own individual desires we would be a happier America, possibly a more richly endowed America, a more quickly reformed America.

Maybe if every man were planting and weeding his own garden instead of looking through the knot-hole of the fence upon his neighbor's back yard we would grow more flowers. Possibly too if we biologically followed our own wants and instincts we would correct quite naturally even the economic and political wrongs of the world.

For myself, I was quite fifty years of age before I had the courage to believe that I had any right to live my own life, to do what I chose. "I was my brother's keeper." Not a keeper of his personal morals or habits. I somehow escaped from that. I was never much interested in making man over, in regulatory legislation of any kind. Liberty, political, economic, personal, was the thing I most wanted. And I think, but I am not wholly sure about this, that I wanted the same kind of liberty for everyone else.

I AM writing this from Paris. One can better see the forest when one is not among the trees. One of the outstanding things of this old world is the absence here of any groups that correspond to our own reformers. Europe accepts people as they are. It accepts their vices and their virtues. The churches are not concerned with personal reform. Nor are the people. There are probably more reform organizations in the city of Boston than there are in any country of Europe; I was tempted to say, in the whole of Europe.

Morris Hillquit gives us, in his contribution, what seems almost a parody on the American pre-war reformer.

> There was [he says] an endless variety of him. Anti-graft crusaders in politics and settlement workers in social endeavor; "muck-rakers" in journalism and anti-fundamentalists in religion; devotees of free love and teachers of birth control; modernists in literature and art; pacifists, feminists and anti-vivisectionists; opponents of lynching and prison reformers; Irish sympathizers and politicians who had fallen out with the boss; men with flowing ties and pioneers of the female bob; iconoclasts, malcontents, sentimentalists and faddists of all imaginable and unimaginable hues, were equally listed as "radicals" by our discriminating press and enlightened officialdom on a par with the Socialist, the I. W. W. and the conservative union leader during a strike.

This seems an appalling catalog. But the fact is Mr. Hillquit has scarcely begun the enumeration. We are all reformers, we all want change of some kind, and we want it by legislation. Reform is a universal passion with us. As a people we will not let either people or institutions alone. Preachers, teachers, five thousand women's clubs, a hundred nation-wide organizations for bettering morals—not to speak of every shade of political and economic thought, all have a following. In every large city there are one or more reform organizations in every block. There is a vast army of men and women who make their living out of looking after other people. The colleges are turning them out by the hundreds. They have little interest in making money; they seem lost when divorced from some cause. Not content with our own contentment we go out to every people in the world and strive to make them conform to our image. We want to remake China. We dislike Japan because she prefers her own ways to our own. We hate Russia because she will not take the advice of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes. We have lost sympathy for France and went to war with Germany because they were different and persist in their own evil ways.

Everyone is a reformer in America. Bankers and Bolshevists, preachers and agnostics, conservatives and radicals, wets and drys, anti-feminists and feminists. There are millions of us.

Why?

IF I could answer this question I should know something profoundly satisfying. Yet I think the answer is to be found in our evangelical background. Our generation in its childhood was deeply saturated with the idea of sin; sin in ourselves, sin in the other fellow. We cannot shake off the impressions made on us in the Sunday School, in the prayer-meeting, in the revival by the exhorter. We have a Moody and Sankey complex. We carry our Sunday School impressions into all of our activities. We want to change people, not institutions. Something like this lies back of prohibition, censorship. It even lies back of our attitude toward political and economic change. The progressive movement, the liberal movement, the radical movement, all were largely moralistic. The boss was a bad man. The immigrants were bad people. They did not worship our God, or in our way. In politics we sought to regulate, not

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to end abuse. We created commissions, endless commissions, railroad, public utility, labor, banking commissions to regulate bad men. We passed anti-trust laws to regulate monopoly. We set district attorneys at work to put men in jail. Our war propaganda was moral. Our peace ideals were moral. Europe took the former as a joke. It took the latter almost as a sign of political infantilism.

Mr. Bryan was awakened by foreign missions more than by any other reform. To make China and Japan worship our God was to him the most important cause in the world. Woodrow Wilson was at heart an evangelical reformer. So also was Theodore Roosevelt. He exhorted men to be good. It is this evangelical psychology in America that explains its universality. Bankers are reformers. They finance cathedrals as they finance the anti-saloon league. And they keep well-filled cellars. Cathedrals and prohibition have nothing to do with Mexico, Haiti or San Domingo. We think we can change America and even the world by the force of righteousness. Mr. Sumner of New York and Wayne B. Wheeler of Washington are cross-sections of America. We are trying on the political state the precepts of Billy Sunday. We want to get rid of bad men, not bad institutions. We tried first to convert men, then to regulate them, then to put them in prison. But we never questioned property, privilege, monopoly. We want to change the hearts and souls of men rather than to end the causes of wrong-doing. We want to punish the thief, rather than lock our doors against him. Property is sacrosanct. This too is part of our childish, our infantile teachings. Be good and you will prosper was the essence of the last century admonitions, the admonitions of our childhood. To be rich was a virtue. It was a sign of divine approval. The possession of wealth still enjoys a moral, almost a religious sanctity.

There were few realists in American reform, few fundamentalists. We were evangelists. I think the failure of pre-war reform is explained by this fact.

The war shook us out of this psychology. We have not yet found a new identification to take its place.

My comments on evangelicalism will be misunderstood. But no matter. Sam Jones of Toledo preached the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount for I don't know how many years. Toledo is a religious town of undisputed New England traditions. Toledo hooted the Golden Rule. It would not hear the Sermon on the Mount. Mr. Wilson gave Europe his Fourteen Points. Clemenceau spoke of them with scorn and the Peace Conference smiled approval.

That is why I have not been able to become interested in the League of Nations. Our entry would hurt Europe, not help it. American idealism would be at best a smoke-screen. America is distrusted and discredited now, discredited because we say one thing and do another. Every European knows and already fears the American dollar. I know of few Europeans who have any faith in anything else American.

I recognize the fine humanitarianism in the suggestion of John Haynes Holmes that our liberalism is now interested in internationalism. By that, I assume, he means interest in the radical movements of Europe. But most of us believe that America can set right the wrongs of Europe. I find no comforting evidence for any such hope. The bankers got there first. They are too much interested in collecting their interest on bad loans, in selling Americans foreign bonds that should be proscribed by "blue-sky" laws, in getting possession of the mines, railroads, iron and steel industries of Europe, to permit the rest of us to show any concern for the misery of Europe. They are repeating in Europe the things they learned so well in America; things they learned in every city of ten thousand people, in forty-eight state legislatures, in Congress, in Mexico and Central America. American righteousness, our generous idealism, will be at best an "also ran" in the affairs of Europe. I doubt if it will even reach the judges' stand.

STUART CHASE shifts the emphasis from the moral to the intellectual. We pre-war reformers, he says, did not understand either our goals or the technique for achieving them. We knew little about the realities of production and distribution and nothing about the springs of human behavior. We had no science to give body to our emotions, if I understand him rightly, we were not scientific enough, not fortified with sufficient facts.

I agree with Clarence Darrow that "human beings do not reason—enough to hurt." It was the distinction, I think, of our particular brand of reformers, those who contributed to this symposium, that we believed in the human mind. We preached, we wrote, we were scientific-minded. And we produced facts in abundance. We followed the laboratory method. We did take "Wall Street to pieces the way Jack Loeb took a starfish," as Stuart Chase suggests the reformer should do.

We have enough facts, fully established facts, to end poverty, to make our farm land flourish like a garden, to put us all in decent homes, if we only needed facts. We have the scientifically established fact that the land values of New York city are worth from eight to ten billion dollars. They were worth nothing three centuries ago. I sat on a tax commission in New York with land owners, bankers and college professors. This fact and the obvious fact that all of us created this value made no impression on any member of the commission. In fact I have known but few land owners who were able to glimpse the justice of taking even a portion of this value by taxation for community use.

We have had a century of experience in New York in the successful operation of the water department, of splendid docks, of comfortable ferries, of a hundred other things. Yet I have never known a business man to be converted by facts against his interest to the public ownership of street railways. I would find it difficult to enumerate a half dozen men who were converted to my ideas against their own economic interest as a result of a score of books, hundreds of speeches and a mass of printed articles. No, the human mind does not work when men's economic interests are involved. It stalls. The fact-finding, laboratory method has scarcely more value than the evangelical in the advance of social justice.

NEWTON D. BAKER feels that much has been accomplished in the past twenty-five years; that our cities are more honest; that we have a large degree of municipal home rule; that we have made a great advance in better schools, parks, bath-houses. Also that some of our theories have been tried and found wanting. He feels that we radicals exhibited weakness, possibly cussedness, during the war. We did not cooperate, some even protested.

I agree that there is less corruption of the old vulgar kind in America than there was thirty years ago; we have clean streets; splendid roads, (*Continued on page 50*)

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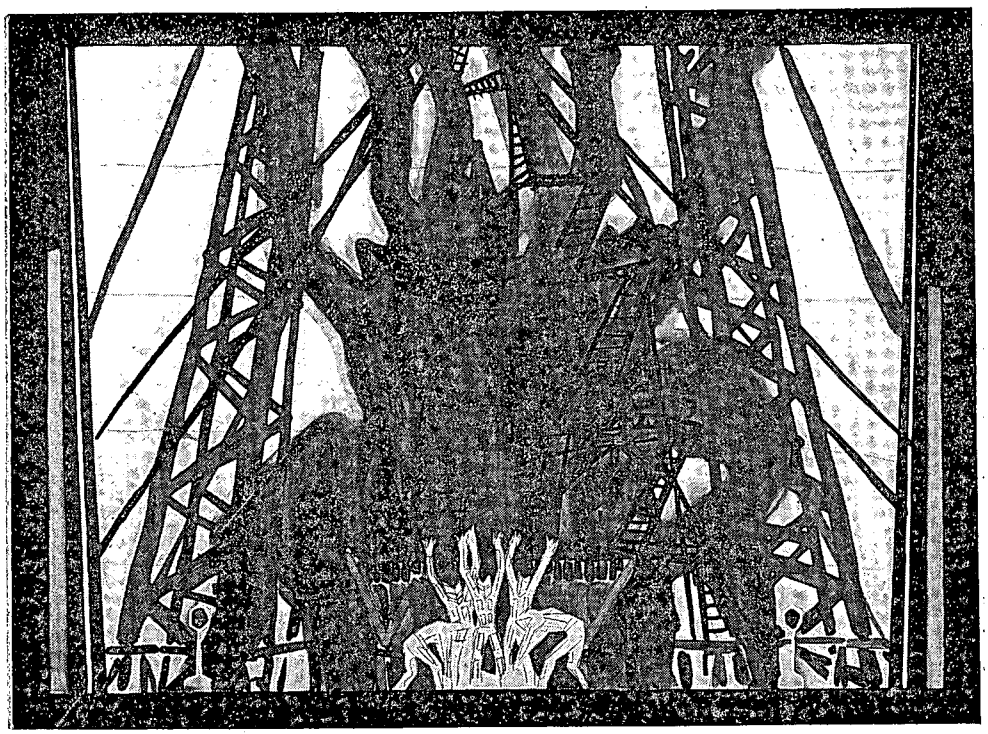

Shadows

Skyscrapers

Settings by ROBERT EDMOND JONES
for a ballet by JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

IN the universal wordless language of color, movement and music, the modern ballet, Skyscrapers, has been produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. John Alden Carpenter wrote the music; Robert Edmond Jones designed the sets; together, starting from a vague feeling that they meant to express America at play and at work, they created their dance patterns and rythmic forms, Jones intensifying meanings and lending significance by costume and light. The music is thrilling and fresh, the production a summons to the imagination.

This Skyscrapers is not built for entertainment: it is a serious interpretation of America and modern life, and it is devastating. It has beauty, born of bitter earnestness, and imagination and perfection of craft; and all this is used to build Purgatory or Hell!

It is made of whipped-up hurry, utterly aimless going, machine-made work, flimsy tinsel and surfaces hard and distorted. Jones has great crinkled mirrors wheeled in, into which the panting, hurrying merry-makers peer at their exotic, unwholesome surfaces. The workers are in curious metallic costumes that emphasize the hardness and grimness of lock-step labor.

Flame and steam, patches of over-ripe purple and under-ripe green fall on the workers as they pound, heave, tug and hoist before the background of Skyscrapers or go creeping into the holes that enter a vast expanse of drab. The working girls in scant black, all alike, outré and up-to-the-minute, poignantly pinched, flamboyantly on the band-wagon, whoop up their fatigue with fake—almost death-rattle—joy.

To a darkened stage, while Whitewings sleep by a traffic signal, blinking red and green, creep a row of sandwich men in starvation masks with motions of dazed trying-to-keep-in-line, their white boards seeming to float them on a sea of misery. Could even a seasoned opera-goer of the old school fail to hear that despair, freshly felt, significant, clad in tortured Jazz?

The music at the end may justify a little grandeur: back of the same clanging workers of the first scene now loom enormous shadows of larger, apotheosized work-rythms, but are they shadows of glory or of annihilation? Who can tell? To me it all spells despair, terrible and revealing, speaking the truth of America flayed and naked. Here is no langorous ballet, here are challenging hungers fiercely clamorous. Here is exposed the corrosion that lurks indeed beneath our too proud Skyscrapers.

ALICE HOLDSHIP WARE

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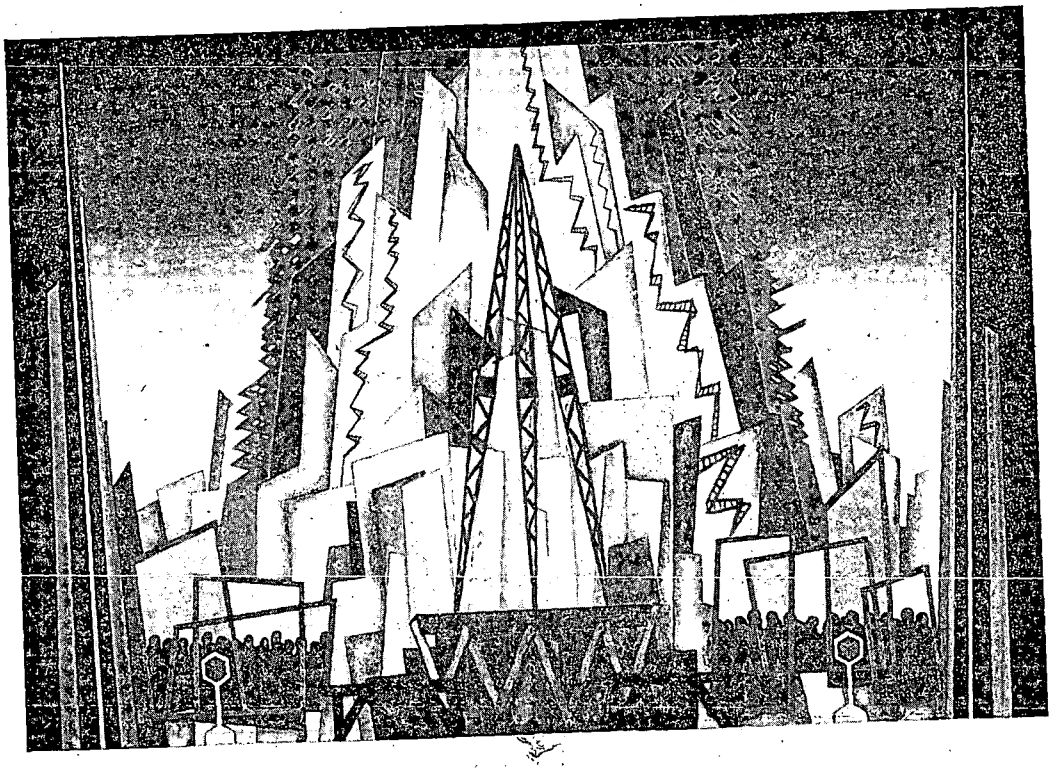
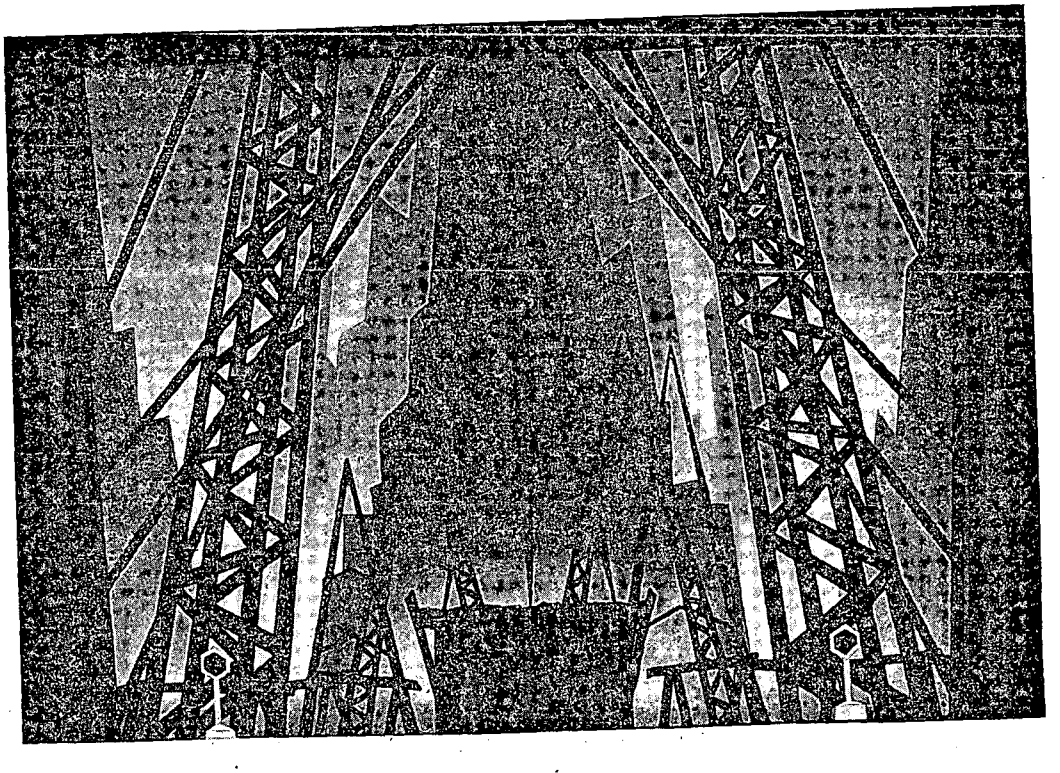


Morning



Night

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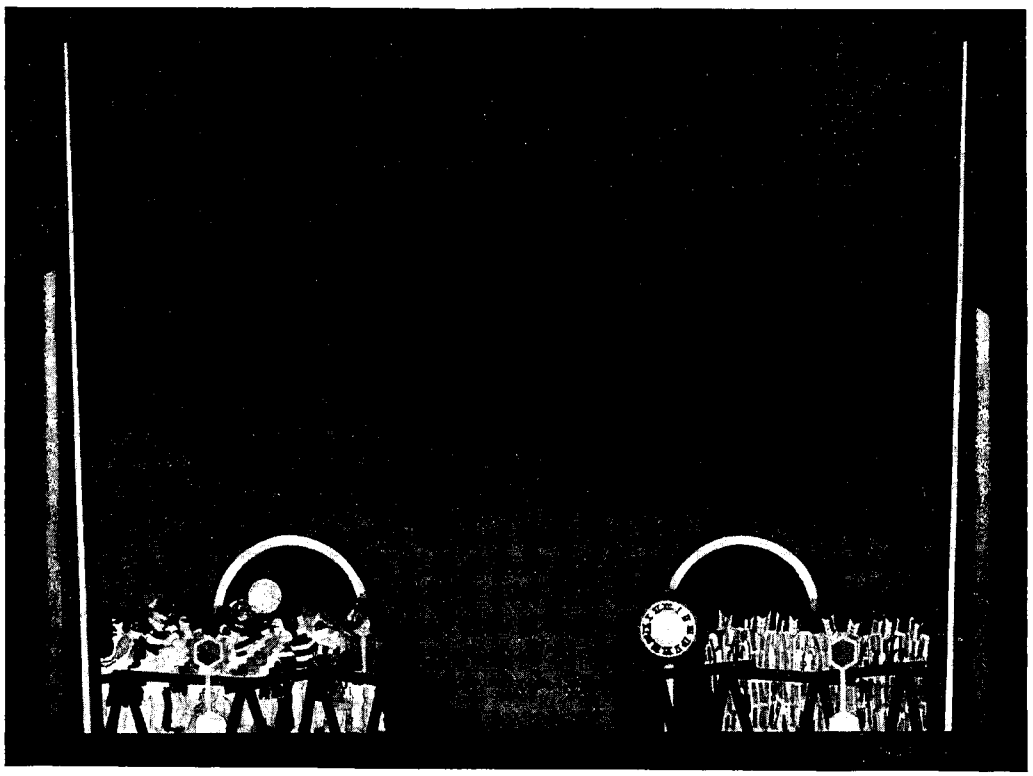
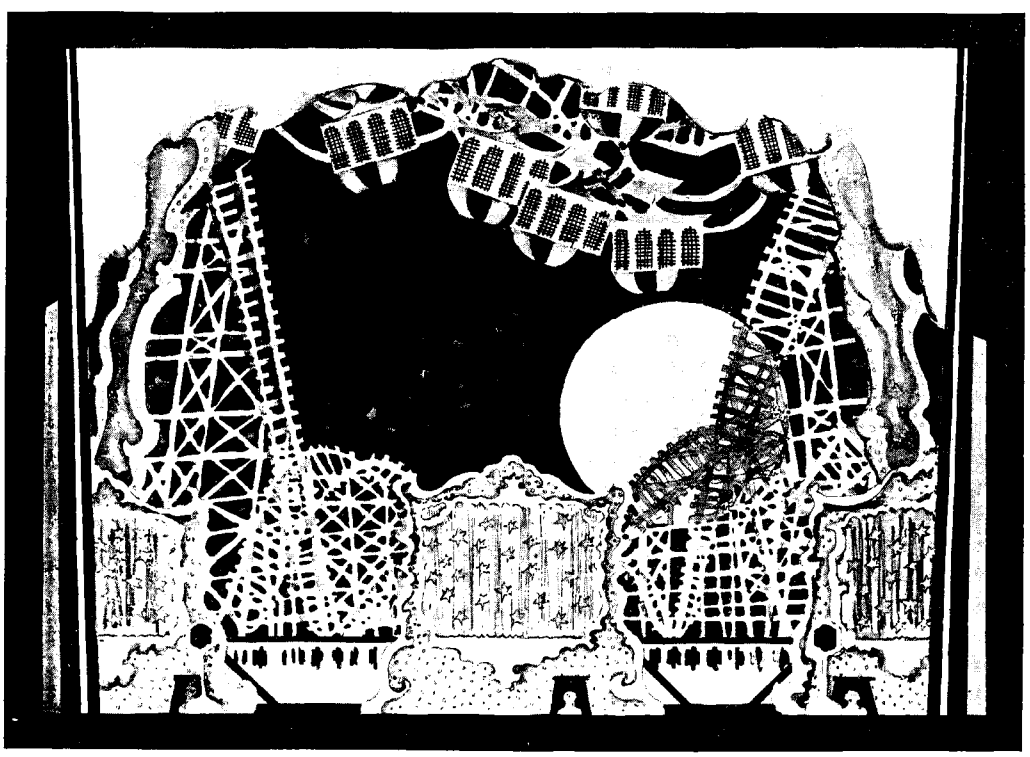


Subway



Coney Island

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EDITORIALS

"SHALL we," debates the Great American Family, "buy a buggy for the baby this spring or a Family Ford?" (that is, if the family still is old-fashioned enough to sport a baby). According to one manufacturer who recently became articulate in newsprint, the twin blights of birth control and ubiquitous family cars threaten to make the baby buggy as obsolete as the bicycle built for two. We shudder to imagine his feelings at the recent announcement by Dr. C. C. Little, president of the University of Michigan and the International Birth Control Organization, that an international office is to be organized in Geneva this summer to act as a liaison center for the birth control movement of the various countries. A baby buggy lobby at Geneva could add diversion to the stew of embroiled interests which are involved in settling the world's problems at that focal point.

But in the meantime the domestic question cries for action. Baby buggies do not complicate the parking problem noticeably; they do not demand garage space. On the other hand, they have certain exclusive features, even when propelled by two proud and recent parents. And the manufacturer himself declares that "The sooner that the people realize that a baby needs a baby carriage for its daily outing instead of an automobile the better off the country will be." Much of the 1925 crop of these vehicles remains unsold, while production for 1926 has been curtailed. The argument, however, seems not yet to have had a fairly impartial hearing. Since a poll of the interested babies seems impracticable, we should suggest a commission representing all members of the family, and experts in the allied fields of traffic, pediatrics, recreation, business and family welfare.

A PRIZE of $1000 is offered by Albert and Charles Boni, publishers, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York city, for the best novel submitted to them by an author of Negro descent before September 1, 1926. The novel must deal with Negro life in the sense that one or more of its leading characters must be of Negro descent and its action must show the influence of this fact. The manuscript must be an unpublished work at least 30,000 words long, and preferably of full novel length. The judges announced are: Henry Seidel Canby, W. E. B. Du Bois, Charles S. Johnson, James Weldon Johnson, Edna Kenton, Laurence Stallings, and Irita Van Doren. This is an excellently rounded board for it numbers literary men from the white and Negro groups, experts in Negro sociology, women of recognized critical ability, and one white novelist from the South, Laurence Stallings. The award will be made not later than January 2, 1927. Here is an opportunity for the discovery of a René Maran who may produce an American Batouala. The growing powers of the Negro as a literary artist should produce not one, but several, studies of his life to inspire the Negro race and illuminate his fellow Americans.

WHAT has been picturesquely and succinctly described as the "Navajo steal" has finally passed the Senate and House of Representatives. A rider on the deficiency appropriation bill appropriates $100,000 toward the cost of a bridge at Lee Ferry, Arizona, which sum is to be repaid to the government out of the tribal funds of the Navajo Indians.

Appropriations on behalf of the Indians have for years been made on a similar basis, although as the Navajos never had tribal funds from which the government could collect, the formula was only an empty legalism. But the discovery and partial exploitation of oil lands on the Navajo reservation has made real money available and the fund may in the near future be a large one. While the bridge project was planned and approved before there was any considerable tribal fund in sight, the Navajo cash now becomes an important factor in the situation.

One end of the bridge is to rest on reservation land, but Senator Cameron has pointed out that

> This bridge would not in any way be beneficial to the Navajo Indians. They do not use their proportional part of that section of the country. . . . No Indians live there; they could not live there if they wanted to . . . there is no water on that part of the reservation for stock or feed for animals.

Somebody wants the bridge, of course. It is a needed link in a tourist highway and by putting it forward as a reservation improvement the state of Arizona has been able to draw on federal aid to the extent of half the cost. But the state's gain is the Indians' loss.

The Navajos themselves, in a letter from one of their councils, have made their protest: they point out that their funds are required for much needed improvements on the reservation; for increasing the water supply; for the improvement of health conditions, particularly for the better treatment of the numerous cases of trachoma and tuberculosis; for providing better school facilities; and purchasing lumber for better homes. They do not ask for the division of "the oil money" among them, but for the administration of the fund to improve the condition of the whole tribe. The bridge, they report, will be "absolutely of no benefit" to them. A remarkable feature of the fight was the fact that it was aggressively led by members of southwestern delegations, notably by Senators Cameron and Bratton.

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Opposition to the appropriation was strong enough so that the Senate twice sent the whole bill back to the House, although according to Senator Ashurst delay in its passage was costing the government $250,000 a day. While the fight was finally lost, it is felt in Washington that the debate may mark a turning point in congressional policy toward Indian funds.

IN the welter of argument and legislative proposals which hangs over the so-called crime wave but one conclusion seems clear: we need more facts about crime, about criminals, and about the processes of law and penology which aim to cope with their misdeeds. The first activity of the National Crime Commission has been to ask for facts and appoint committees to get them; a similar need lies behind the proposal for a New York state crime commission, sponsored by Governor Smith, and a like demand put forward in Massachusetts by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. It crops out even in the astonishing picture of a delegation of Chicago citizens before Congress, begging that the federal government come in to wrestle with crime in their city, which, as they describe it, dyes Chicago deeper in villainy than Italy under the Medicis. It lies behind the spirited discussions at the meeting recently called by the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences in Philadelphia, when Ellen Potter, State Seretary of Welfare, returned a staunch and substantiated "no" to the equally firm assertions of Frederick L. Hoffman that we are riding the crest of a crime wave. That the demand for facts goes below a merely theoretical or professional interest came out again when a delegate from the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs rose at that meeting to ask on behalf of her organization for better statistics of crime.

"In trying to obtain a scientific answer to the question as to whether or not crime is increasing, isn't our first duty to obtain a clear definition of what we mean by crime?" writes I. M. Rubinow to The Survey, telling of the Philadelphia conference.

Is it to be a sociological or a purely legalistic interpretation? [he continued]. Is every act contrary to law necessarily a crime, and does every illegal action make a criminal of one? The problem is not a new one. But when it is asked today, invariably the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment suggest themselves, perhaps through some mysterious psychic forces arising out of suppressed or partly suppressed desires.

As was pointed out by Joseph K. Willing, Assistant United States District Attorney, in his brilliant paper, The Profession of Bootlegging, though wine was construed in ancient time as a gift of the gods, "the crime of trafficking in intoxicating liquors is a modern one, officially conceived when the Eighteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution on January 16, 1919, born when the Volstead Act was passed on October 28, 1919, and abandoned on the doorstep of a wet world on January 16, 1920." Whether it be a crime in a sociological sense or only in the legal one, there appeared no question after listening to this brilliant paper that we are dealing with a well-recognized, organized, technically complex and probably not unprofitable profession, a profession which had its chemical, physiological, medical, social, economic and financial aspects. It is a profession divided into many recognized specialties, such as smuggling, transportation, recooking, dispensing, high power beer brewing and domestic industry in wines, cordials, beers, ciders, etc. It is sufficient to point out that the beer brewers (over one-half per cent) consider themselves benefactors of humanity because their product tends to prevent consumption of strong liquors, and that smugglers are another group primarily moved by the ethical consideration that their stuff is much better than the products of home industry, to recognize how far ethics and law have parted their ways. And when the conception of "crime" may extend from offering a drink to a friend and down to a gruesome murder, such as our large cities will report from time to time, how complicated the problem of prevention or rehabilitation or proper punishment!

For the few who have the skill and the experience to do it, there is unlimited, unspectacular spade work to excavate the extent and shape of the problem before any answering edifice can be built; for the many of us there is need to keep our heads on our shoulders—and use them—and from time to time, perhaps, to put our tongues in our cheeks.

IN England a century ago the death penalty was applicable to a gypsy who stayed in the kingdom more than a month; to anyone who unlawfully hunted deer or took fish out of a pond or injured a bridge; to anyone who cut down growing trees or sent threatening letters. Most of the American colonies recognized twelve capital offenses; in Connecticut blasphemy was a capital crime, as was the action of any child of more than sixteen who cursed or smote his parent. Gradually the number of crimes punishable by death has dwindled from the 240 once listed in England (even in Blackstone's time there were 160) to one or two, and in a considerable number of foreign countries and eight of the United States the death penalty has been abolished.

Yet within the past seven years, at least partly in answer to war-time hysteria, four states restored the death penalty after having done away with it. This action might be taken as an argument for its necessity, did not the records of the states in question fail to show any convincing relationship between the record of crime and the presence or absence of capital punishment.

The official taking of life remains as an anachronism on the statute books of the greater part of this country, fitfully evoked as chance may dictate. In his monograph on capital punishment, published by the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, Clifford Kirkpatrick publishes data to show that only about one murderer in eighty the country over pays the death penalty. Against the contention that capital punishment will deter from crime, lies the fact that those who would be most influenced by forethought are the more intelligent and able who could hope to escape among the seventy-nine, or, in any case, would be more deeply influenced by the prospect of a life imprisonment than by a speedy death. Against the argument that it exterminates the most hardened criminals, stands the statement of Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, who declares that three men out of four who enter the Sing Sing death house were there for their first offense. "When we examine the record of men convicted of murder," he adds, "we become impressed by the preponderance of those who are 'one crime men.'"

The killing of criminals is hard to justify on any ground except the simplicity of the solution it offers. Those who feel that society should deal with its failures, not in the simplest fashion, but in that which offers the greatest oppor-

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tunity for justice, humanity, and constructive help, will follow with interest the series of state campaigns to abolish the death penalty which are being launched by the recently organized League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

"WE have built here a splendid house and have invited the world to come and live in it," said Arthur S. Bent, president of the Los Angeles' Chamber of Commerce, at its recent annual banquet. "How are we furnishing it?" he asked. The question was his text for pushing out along lines calculated to upset the impressions of those who associate Los Angeles merely with real estate additions, oil booms and the general exuberance of getting there first and biggest. What Mr. Bent said was enheartening to men and women of the community who have long been working for civic and educational ideals. There was, to be sure, enough of booster patter so that his hearers could not class him off hand as one of the fool reformers. That was exactly why it was significant. Los Angeles has leaped to a position unique in the history of cities, he told his fellow members in the familiar vein. "The things we are distinguished for all over the world are after all our climate, our prosperity, our astounding growth; and these, we may as well say, are accomplished and behind us." Now, it is not the fault of Southern Californians if the world does not know they have the greatest climate on earth; but it was striking a new note to list the genuflections of thermometer bulbs among their civic and horticultural achievements.

Mr. Bent seems to have rung the old changes and added this new clapper to the bell chiefly to get his hearers listening and with him; then he rang an entirely new chime for a Chamber of Commerce meeting in Los Angeles—a mixture, if you will, of a Spanish carillon and an alarm gong.

"There is such a thing as fatty degeneration of the soul," ran his note of challenge, "and the life of a great community may fail of fruition." He asked his listeners to pass by the more obvious and time honored topics, such as harbor and factories, payroll and population, and consider less tangible phases of the future. He pointed out that at the center of the "blessed out-of-door land," Los Angeles itself is about at the bottom of the list of cities in the matter of open spaces for the people. "Take away one great park and what have we left?" asked Mr. Bent. "Great artists are in our midst. How much in our community do we encourage them?" Sculpture, music, architecture, craftsmanship in iron work and stone, these and other arts and skills he would foster no less than make the dream of the Superintendent of Parks come true, by turning the ugly river bottom into a joyous approach to the city.

Think of the richly glowing history [went on Mr. Bent] which lies back of this beloved Southland, with its romance and color and warm humanity. All of this we should guard as a precious heritage from the past and an asset of high value. This soil is sown with memories for many of us in which this great new population cannot share except as we preserve for them its landmarks and monuments.

Following our early generous days came the driving force of a harder materialism, which has made us a mighty city. But now the longing for real culture is springing here, for finer homes and music and pictures and churches and colleges and little theaters, for Eistedfods and botanic gardens and Mission Plays and Hollywood Bowls, and beaches for the people. For art galleries and parks and playgrounds and alluring streets.

The greatest auto club in the world has sign-posted the western half of the land in order that the ceaseless stream of travelers may unfailingly find us. We promise them climate and jobs and fruitful soil and wholesome conditions for the labors of life. Now let us give them also a genial city, a city with a happy face, and all those things which, if life is to be good, its labors must flower.

WHETHER or not there is an actual shortage of country doctors in the United States, there are clearly many country communities which lack skilled modern medical service, with the requisite resources of laboratory and hospital which such service demands for the diagnosis and care of the sick and for the prevention of disease. Obviously many of the more enterprising young physicians will be attracted by the advantages of the cities. Several of the states, notably North Carolina, have arranged post-graduate courses or traveling libraries for practising physicians to keep them in touch with the recent developments in their fields of work; state diagnostic laboratories, originated by Dr. Biggs in New York, have become an accepted part of the public health machine. In hospital provision, however, many rural communities are at a sad disadvantage, and at the time of the year when roads are at the worst and sickness is at its maximum, many country doctors have no center in which they can group their patients under skilled nursing care.

Within the past month the Commonwealth Fund of New York city has opened a Division of Rural Hospitals, under the direction of H. J. Southmayd, recently hospital consultant to the Cleveland Welfare Federation. This Division will receive and study applications for financial aid to erect hospitals in rural communities. Funds will be granted to erect two such hospitals a year on an average, the Commonwealth Fund meeting two thirds of the cost, and the local community the remaining third, with the assurance that the community will support and maintain the hospital satisfactorily thereafter. Part of the initial appropriation of $350,000 will go to build a hospital in Farmville, Va. The Division will also advise with the communities selected in the building, location and organization of the hospitals, with the special purpose of making the institution a constructive influence, and to a limited extent it will offer an advisory service to communities which are contemplating building hospitals at their own expense, and will study the conditions and problems of rural medical practice and rural practitioners generally.

On January 1, 1924, the Fund declares, half the 1,545 counties in the United States had no general hospital for the care of the sick. Obviously not every county needs a hospital, so that this statement is no exact statistical measure of the lack of rural hospital facilities. It suggests, however, the accepted fact that conditions of rural medical practice are at a general disadvantage in comparison with those of the cities, and that one of the surest ways to attract and keep in country districts men who can promise an adequate practice of their profession is to provide them with the tools of their trade.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Growing Up With Chicago

THESE recollections, by one still a vigorous leader in the life of Chicago, tell a remarkable story of the growth and social changes during the span of a single life time. Any casual visitor to the great metropolis of the Middle West will find it hard to believe, as he stands in the midst of the roaring traffic at Wabash Avenue and Adams Street, that one of the girlhood amusements of a present day Chicagoan was to help the hired man drive the family cow every day past that corner to pasture on a vacant lot up Adams Street. The book gives a vivid picture of the everyday life of the town before the great fire, and tells many interesting stories of the earlier days which Mrs. Bowen heard from her grandmother who upon occasion had to take refuge in Fort Dearborn from the Indians, and from her mother, the third white girl born in Chicago.

While these reminiscences of childhood provide two very entertaining chapters at the beginning and serve incidentally throughout the book for purposes of picturesque contrast with experiences in later days, Mrs. Bowen's real story is of the part she has played in the development of social and civic effort in the community. For in "growing up with the city" her relationship to her neighbors and fellow citizens unfolded and grew in a way that marks the modern transition from the days of personal benevolence to the era of social statesmanship. The girl who begged at neighbors' doors, collecting $57 to help a youngster whose arm was broken by a runaway horse, became the woman who not only gave liberally of her wealth but helped to engineer the modern "drives" and obtain the large appropriations of public funds for social welfare. The young lady who found that the boys of her Sunday School class needed recreational opportunities and had them come three nights a week to the billiard room in her father's house became the donor of the Hull House Boys' Club building and a leader in the civic effort which established the magnificent system of public playgrounds and recreation centers the city now boasts. The early volunteer worker in the relief-giving agencies points out that she has lived to see the day when such measures of social statesmanship as the workmen's compensation and the mothers' pension laws have helped to bring about a notable reduction in the number of families who find it necessary to appeal to the United Charities. Many times in reading these pages is one reminded of that far visioned remark of Robert W. de Forest that "the charity of today is the justice of tomorrow."

Neither this sweeping advance from the sphere of private philanthropy to great movements for social welfare, nor the broadening of her own influence from personal good works to community-wide endeavor, have lessened that appreciation of human values which makes it impossible for Mrs. Bowen to forget the individual person. When she became vice-president of the United Charities and dealt with the budget and large questions of policy, she still found "the actual contact with the people who need help" to be the part of the work which claimed her deepest interest. And in her manifold activities at Hull House, her generous gifts of buildings were never a substitute for the satisfaction she derived from personal association with club members and the younger people who used the facilities she made possible.

IT is impossible in these few paragraphs to cover all the wide range of Mrs. Bowen's influence—her interest in hospitals which led to a large share in developing the service of the Visiting Nurse Association, her untiring work in the United Charities and above all her devotion to what Hull House stands for and has done, her participation in the effort to establish the Juvenile Court, in the activities of the Juvenile Protective Association, in the campaign for suffrage, in the Woman's City Club, in war work and in politics. But there is one phase of her influence which should receive special mention. As a girl she was "brought up with the idea that some day I would inherit a fortune, and I was always taught that the responsibility of money was great." Her conscientious fidelity to that responsibility has been manifested not only in the use she has made of her wealth but also in her challenging of the way in which it had been gained.

> I owned stock [she writes] in many of the big industrial corporations. Through my work at Hull House I often was informed of conditions existing in some of these corporations deleterius to their employes. I could not help but feel that, as a stockholder and deriving my income from the profits of these corporations, I was at least partially responsible for the grievances of which I was constantly aware, and it seemed to me that as a stockholder I ought to bring about better conditions among working people.

Having been apprised by Alice Hamilton of conditions which caused tuberculosis, lead poisoning and eye injuries among shop workers employed by the Pullman Company, she as a stockholder insistently demanded changes and carried her effort through to victory. As a stockholder in the International Harvester Company, she had the courage to protest to her personal friend, Cyrus McCormick, president of the company, against night work by women in the twine mills; she found that he felt as she did but that other direc-

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ruled by other directors. Within six weeks, as a result of her letter, night work by women in the twine mills ceased. Mr. McCormick asked her for other suggestions and as a result the company established a minimum wage rate for the girl employes. Later on she joined with Charles M. Cabot in a vigorous effort by stockholders—in which The Survey gave effective cooperation—to make the United States Steel Corporation abandon the 7-day week and the 12-hour day.

Throughout this life of service to the public welfare there is one human factor that permeates it all—the personality of Jane Addams. No one can doubt that Mrs. Bowen in any event would have occupied a prominent place in the philanthropic and civic affairs of the community with which she is identified. But no one is more eager than she to make clear the profound influence Miss Addams has had upon her ever since they first met soon after the establishment of Hull House. And this influence flowed from something far deeper than even the association in effort to achieve given objectives in social progress. As all who have come under the spell of Miss Addams' spirit will testify, there is something in her which reaches down to the fundamentals of human attitudes, which works a subtle but persuasive change in one's point of view. The quality of service which Mrs. Bowen has rendered reflects that indefinable but dynamic influence which radiates from the woman whose spirit has been so quickening to the social conscience of her country and the world.

GRAHAM R. TAYLOR

GROWING UP WITH A CITY, *by Louise deKoven Bowen. Macmillan. 226 pp. Price — postpaid of The Survey.*

Melodrama from the Laboratory

WHO is the greatest villain in human history? The Microbe. Where is an endless battle waged? In our blood. Who are the biggest hunters among men? The bacteriologists. And now comes Paul de Kruif, war correspondent of the laboratory, and mentor to Sinclair Lewis for the research lore of Arrowsmith, to tell the tale of the three-century campaign against our deadly enemies, the infinitesmal ferments and parasites and bacteria that have reaped their millions from the earth's face year after year. Here are twelve detective stories of science about the men who learned how to keep diphtheria from strangling children, to keep malaria from shivering men to pieces, to keep cholera and "yellow jack" from turning the blood of sailors and soldiers and engineers to water, and taught travellers to avoid the kiss of the tsetse fly that lulled them into everlasting sleep.

Let it be very clear that we do not claim Microbe Hunters is science, for scientists will laugh or damn the way this man used facts to produce melodrama. But the book is a kind of rhapsodical epic that leaves your head dizzy before man's struggle for knowledge and your heart bulging with pride at man's blind ingenuity, his inexplicable curiosity, his stupid pertinacity, and his stark courage. The story is worth the word "fascinating" as few books are. It is a set of hunting tales, but not of big game hunting, rather of little game hunting, invisible game only a twenty-five thousandth of an inch long of which the trails were found only after years of stalking through the jungle of death. Dangerous? Well, would you rather face a lion or an elephant with an express rifle, or a test-tube full of tubercle bacillus or spirochetes of syphilis with a fluff of cotton between you and loathsome suffering?

We begin with the saga of old Anthony Leeuwenhoek of Holland, son of a brewer, who near lost his wits at grinding perfect microscope lenses and found a drop of water to be full of microbes (but not water fresh from the sky!) and the scrapings off his teeth full of them too, save when he scalded his mouth with hot coffee. And that day we learned that boiling kills germs. De Kruif calls him "a man of appalling accuracy and splendid common sense," who wrote letters to the Royal Society of England on his discoveries, but wasn't very popular because he refused to tell how he made his microscopes. A stubborn Dutchman who died at ninety-one in 1731. Then six years later was born Spallanzani, in Italy, to become a priest and curator of a museum of natural history, and he found out that microbes have to have parents and multiply by dividing. He fought mighty fights with Buffon for his beliefs and was a publicity-seeker and none too scrupulous a character, but he had the divine insanity: he *looked* at things and invented beautiful experiments in glass flasks. The science died for a generation until the birth of immortal Pasteur in 1831; his miracle was to prove that microbes are the most dangerous things in the world and he led the fight to save men from disease. We all know something of Pasteur's titanic labors and how Fate led him first to help the wool-growers cure anthrax (almost) and the wine-makers and the silk-worm cultivators and even the beer-makers. For this Frenchman couldn't stand to have the Germans make better beers. He, too, like most of these heroes was a grand fighter, and often made a fool of himself and mixed his serums so he killed the sheep. But then he produced a cure for mad-dog poison and probably did most of any single human to teach men to defeat disease. And his most enduring monument is in the word "pasteurized" you can read on the cap of your milk-bottle tomorrow morning.

From about 1870-80 came victory after victory when Robert Koch, a little German country doctor, nearly starved his family hunting the bacillus of tuberculosis—and found it, meanwhile perfecting the whole technique of microbe hunting. Then he found a false cure for tuberculosis. Yes, it's a stumbling race, but it's fine to think that every nation helped, and that a man did not have to be rich or even well-educated to help Nature defeat her own vengeances. For there was Elie Metchnikoff, the boisterous Russian, who saw the friendly Phagocytes eat up microbes, and preached the gospel of sour milk because the bacillus Bulgaricus in the colon would keep us all alive to a hundred. He even had his rolls delivered in sterile bags—and died at 71!

Then came the hunters who found that insects bit germs into us, with Theobald Smith, the American, turning the corner first, as De Kruif puts it—and that's so recent that Dr. Smith is head of the animal research division of the Rockefeller work, and president of the International Tuberculosis Congress that meets this Fall. He picked all the ticks off cows to prove how they got Texas fever. So Bruce, the Englishman, and his wife (what devoted and long-suffering wives these hunters had!), went into Africa and showed how the tsetse fly gave man, *nagana*, the sleeping sickness and got a black prince to move a whole nation away from the water-side. Then Ross, another British army surgeon in India, and Grassi, an Italian, proved the mos-

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quito carried malaria in her bill. They fought, but who cares now? They mopped up a whole new sector of the planet for homes. And so did Dr. Walter Reed, of the American army, with his heroes in Cuba, who let other mosquitoes bite them, for the faithful guinea pig and mice couldn't get yellow fever. But these men did get it, and some died, but because they died Dr. Gorgas kept the Panama Canal Zone clean and you may sail through there in perfect peace.

We must let the curtain of this miracle book fall on Paul Ehrlich smoking his twenty-five cigars a day and getting himself spattered with dyes like a Cubist picture as he captained the chemists through 605 experiments with arsenic compounds and in the 606th found "the magic bullet" that scotches syphilis—though not always. The hunters do not always win even though old Professor Pettenkofer swallows a whole tube of cholera germs to prove Koch's theory wrong, and young Maisonneuve, student of medicine, quietly watches them rub virus of syphilis into six long scratches on his arm. Crazy men, surely, but brave enough to make you cry.

This isn't a perfect book, but it is supremely interesting, and it will get ideas into the heads of plain people. It simplifies the story too much to gain high-lights of drama; it pictures these men as crazier than they could have been and so generates a hectic and theatrical air. It talks in the vernacular to be popular, and sometimes achieves only the flippant. Science, I imagine, can point out a hundred flaws, but it is a heroic story made human and understandable, and it cheers the reader as he coughs and pants through life.

LEON WHIPPLE

MICROBE HUNTERS, *by Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 363 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Three Mirrors

THERE are mirrors and mirrors. Those in vanity boxes, for example, designed to reflect nothing more remote or complicated than the curve of an eyebrow or the contour of a ready-made blush. Those in the great hall at Versailles where the pomp of nations was so ironically heightened by multiplication in glittering images of futility. Those in the refracting telescope that serves an observer straining for knowledge of the illimitable. The stage that holds the mirror up to nature has as many aspects. The winter in New York has been distinguished by the fact that three mirrors have been set to catch those profoundly moving elements of ourselves that lie too deep for clear sight, and yet, with every decade, as the artists and the men of science explore their depths, press more insistently on consciousness.

The Dybbuk has already been reviewed in these columns. Goat Song and The Great God Brown seem to me to belong to the same family. None of the three was offered by one of the group commonly thought of as the commercial producers; yet each has been, in a way, a success. The Dybbuk came from the Neighborhood Playhouse, Goat Song from the Theater Guild, The Great God Brown from the combination of Eugene O'Neill, Robert Edmond Jones and Kenneth MacGowan, of, but not in, the Provincetown Playhouse.

Trying to reduce the three to a common mood would be ridiculous. Trying to reduce any one of the three to a formula would be fatuous. But they shared a preoccupation with the inexpressible which lies in each of us, and in all of us together, and which makes our faiths and our knowledge at once doubtful and pregnant. What that inexpressible is I do not know, nor do you. Nor, I think, do the dramatists. Ansky is the most assured of the three; he had the good fortune, or the cunning, in The Dybbuk, to find an established ritual with which to reinforce his effort at expression; he carried the audience along smoothly with the help of the justifiable distractions of pageantry. Goat Song gets less help, and seeks less, from its Balkan setting. The Great God Brown is the most daring; the most provocative; the most difficult, for the setting is in flat symbols and the action turns on the use of masks.

It is not necessary to sketch the plot of any of the three; it would indeed be impossible to summarize them intelligently in the space here available. The Dybbuk deals with the struggle of a rabbinical student to possess the love of a girl in defiance of all the sanctions of family authority, of religion, and of reality itself. Goat Song, by the Austrian, Franz Werfel, turns loose a mysterious half-human monster on an ordered peasant world and sketches the chaotic destruction, the ultimate reintegration, which results. The Great God Brown studies the love of an artist and a business man for a wife and a prostitute in terms of the pitiful gulf that lies in all of us between the mask we show and the reality we hide—a gulf which is gallantly symbolized by the actual putting on and off of visible masks, sometimes to the confusion of the spectator and frequently to the blurring of the theatric fiction, but always with a poignant significance.

What is common to the plays? Most simply, the warfare between the subjective, instinctive and ungovernable on the one hand and the superficially real and more or less manageable pattern of human intercourse on the other.

In The Dybbuk the issue lies between the passionate individualism of the lover and the crushing weight of collective feeling—between the man and the group. These forces surge and sway against each other, with victory now to one, now to the other. A mad rabble of beggars come to dance at a wedding; their hungry attack on the beauty of the bride, whom they whirl into a moment of brutal revelry, is one of the most striking variations on the general theme. The aged rabbi, called upon to cast out a devil from the bride's body, is powerless until he has steeped himself in the glory of his ancestors. Before one's very eyes, the group gathers itself together for an assault upon the will of the devil-lover; before one's eyes the devil is forced back, step by step, into submission; before one's eyes the human will of the lover, no longer devil, snatches its prey from the victorious community.

Goat Song cuts through the fabric of family pride and the established decencies of property to give the ruthless spirit of Pan—the collective undisciplined instinctual stuff of life—free play. The revolution that flames up as the terrifying figure sweeps across the sky shatters the accepted stabilities; it leaves a world stripped and bare, and yet more nearly happy than before the cataclysm.

The Great God Brown is heavy with implications. The play of the mother and the child—the protective in woman, the infantile in man; the self-destruction which comes from masking weakness, the release which comes from accepting it; the hunger for power to hide one's searing inadequacy; the brittleness of living and the transcendence of life—these are woven in and upon each other, sometimes clear, sometimes muddled, always insistent.

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It is not important that, with the exception perhaps of the Dybbuk, these plays leave one conscious of the artist's failure to see his job through. The thread of plot in Goat Song seemed to me twisted at its end. The Great God Brown is neither pure symbolism nor "good theater." The compromise is harsh, cluttered. But the attack on the inexpressible is bold and exhilarating.

These plays all had distinction technically. But more than that—as bewildered, penetrating, groping explorations of the tides and undertow of human emotion they seemed to me memorable. It is through such uses of the theater that we may come to articulate self-knowledge and see deep into the mirror.

GEDDES SMITH

The Interventions of Colonel House

"COMPOSING quarrels was a function to which Colonel House had been accustomed from his days at school, where, according to a youthful friend, he loved to incite disputes between his school mates in order to have an opportunity to settle them."

This is the key to Colonel House's character. He was a great conciliator, with a passion for getting men together, and these two volumes of papers from his workshop are in essence a study of one man's efforts for political and international conciliation. Their greatest value will prove to be not the light they throw on the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson or the diplomacy of the World War for they offer few new facts here, but their revelation of the practical chess-play of politics behind the scenes. Here is the reverse of the tapestry the public sees, and we can follow its weaving in the conferences, interviews,, missions, and mediations of this silent "connoisseur of politics."

There is only a hint of real biography but that whets the taste for more. We want the story of the man, House, as well as the tale of the events in which he was a great part. For he is clearly not the noiseless, emotionless, discarnate intelligence of our tradition. He was a restless youth too interested in national politics to worry about grades at Cornell. His frail health was the unfortunate after-math of a fall from swinging too high on a rope. He had been a part of the old frontier in Texas, carried his gun, and once was within seconds of "getting his man"—a bully who had mistaken his identity—until the bar-keeper leaped over the counter and intervened. He knew righteous anger as when he told the British ambassador the latter had been insulting and he did not want to see him again. The rare dry comments on men reveal a humor perhaps too penetrating for daily use by a diplomat. Indeed, both anger and wit were disciplined to the service of conciliation. They seem almost the devices of negotiation.

Colonel House's character is clear but his creed remains unstated. We miss a chapter on his political and economic ideals. He never sought office or money. What did he want? Power, perhaps, and sense of playing Providence. Peace, of course, because quarreling and war seemed inefficient and a world organization offered the only substitute for the barbarous, futile, and inhuman device of war. He wanted to make government work and he took men as he found them and tried to get them to cooperate. Professor Seymour of Yale, who has arranged and tied together the letters, says: "Through all his papers runs this idealistic strain: to make the government a more efficient instrument for effecting the desires of the people and to inspire in the people a more sensible view of their welfare." Thomas W. Gregory, attorney-general under Mr. Wilson, writes: "House was always a progressive, and in many respects a pronounced radical. This genuine interest in progressive legislation accounts to a large degree for his interest in politics." These are hints, but we need a fuller statement of Colonel House's faith so we can understand what he did and what he wanted to accomplish by his interventions.

The volumes are too devoted to statecraft to have room for the personalia that makes lively reading. But there are revelations on matters not hitherto fully in the record,, and they lend piquancy to what tends to be a rather dry recounting.

The most enlightening section of the book deals with the mission of House in early 1916 to attempt to force peace by the threat of American intervention. Here is new matter to most people and we wonder what would have been the effect both on political history and the American nation had the facts been known at the time. The gist as House states it was that the Allies invite the United States to propose a peace conference. The terms of the peace were to be settled in advance (apparently by President Wilson and Colonel House) to insure justice and the future democratic control of world affairs. If Germany rejected the conference or refused the terms imposed, the United States would "probably" come in to help the Allies. But the offer had to be accepted before the Allies suffered such a defeat that American intervention would prove futile. England appeared open-minded, but could not move without France, and France seemed ready to gamble on winning anyhow. So House came home and nothing happened. It's a queer story and it makes you wonder whether the Senate may not have its uses after all. Presidents and their confidential men do get heady with power.

The failure here seems typical of House in international affairs. He failed to secure a Pan-American League to guarantee the Monroe doctrine on a continental basis. He failed in the heroic endeavor to get England and Germany together when he made the famous trip to see the Kaiser and Sir Edward Grey in the Spring of 1914. Here House was a prophet with a noble vision, but he got there just too late. The tragedy at Serajevo came, and then Armageddon. In London he could get nothing done because the "season" was at its height! And so we close the book with two questions: did House depend too much on negotiations of gentlemen around the table in which he was a master, and neglect the politics of masses of men? He seemed always able to handle the ministers but not the peoples. He could not reconcile mass quarrels; his equations of conciliation in the study could not be worked out in parliaments and across boundary lines. Everybody agreed with him, yet nothing was done about his plans. Here comes the ghost of a second question: did the courteous gentlemen of Europe use Colonel House? Was he the victim of a super-diplomacy that fooled him as it did Walter Page, and eventually Woodrow Wilson? The historian who will find these papers a treasure may some day tell us what Grey and Balfour and Cambon really were up to. Meanwhile, no one can deny that Edward M. House served both his country and an ideal of international good will.

LEON WHIPPLE

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE *arranged as a narrative by Charles Seymour. Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. 470 pp. and 508 pp. Price* $10.00 *postpaid of The Survey.*

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ETHICS AND BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 20*)

ethical principles without such expert advice may be illustrated by the following case.

In offering a lot of wool in the grease to a customer, a salesman of ———— & ———— stated that he estimated the shrinkage in scouring would be about 64 per cent. Without scouring a sample himself the customer bought the wool on the basis of this information. When the wool was scoured, the shrinkage was 71 per cent instead of 64 per cent. The customer lost $300 on the transaction and consequently was greatly dissatisfied with his purchase.

The salesman had made his estimate of the shrinkage after testing a sample, and according to his best knowledge of wool. He was, however, inexperienced and a closer estimate might have been made by a salesman who had been in the business longer. The estimate of the salesman had been made honestly; it is customary for buyers to make their own estimates of shrinkage, since throughout the wool trade the principle of *caveat emptor* is recognized in all transactions. No adjustment for the error in estimate, therefore, was made.

In discussing this case with the class I thought it reasonable to believe that even though the principle of *caveat emptor* was usually recognized in this trade, it had not been recognized *by this customer* and that therefore it was wrong as well as poor policy to take advantage of his ignorance or carelessness. After the class discussion a member of the class who was intimate with the customs of the wool trade told me that he was quite sure that I was wrong in this opinion, because the principle of *caveat emptor* was so deeply rooted, so universally recognized that it hardly could have been unknown to any customer. His "great dissatisfaction" with his purchase, so my informant said, must have been in the nature of a "bluff." He must have known that he was careless and could not really have expected any different decision. Hence the firm would not lose any standing by its refusal to make an adjustment for the error in estimate.

But though this case illustrates the necessity for a close understanding of trade customs before one is secure in any ethical judgment in a matter which is mixed up with those customs, the case does not prove that we ought to give up all attempt to distinguish ethics from the compilation and registering of trade customs. For those customs may be mischievous, harmful, and wrong, even in the opinion of those governed by them. Agreement between the members of a trade does not in itself make anything right or wrong, though a violation of such an agreement without sufficient notice is of course wrong.

Nevertheless since customs can be definitely formulated and codified and since the basis of our ethical judgments is not nearly so easy to agree upon or to formulate, it is undoubtedly tempting to accept the view of Edgar L. Heermance whose book on Codes of Ethics* has provided us with such a mine of useful information on this subject. Mr. Heermance has collected and published 198 codes of ethics printed up to and including 1924. All but four of these were printed for the first time during the twenty years between 1904 and 1924, and the great majority of them have come during the years from 1920 to 1924, as is shown in the accompanying chart. These codes of ethics concern every conceivable trade, such as ice-cream dealers, tailors,

* Free Press Printing Co., Burlington, Vt.

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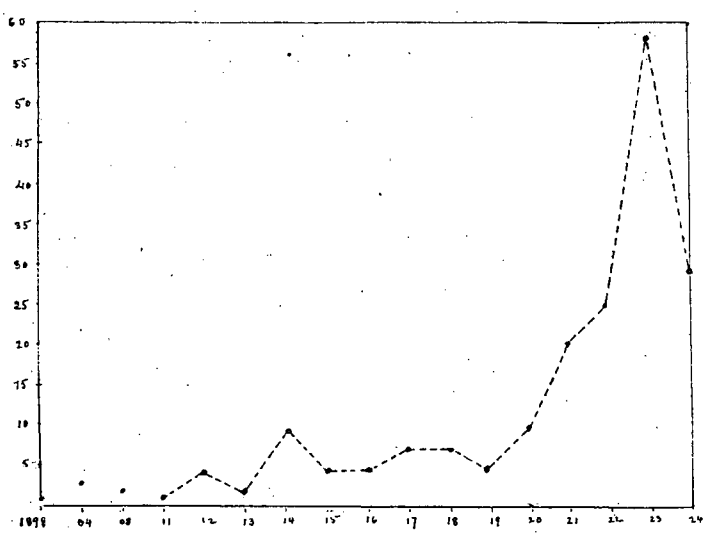
hair dressers, undertakers. Together they give us an extraordinarily interesting picture of the trade customs and ethical standards thus far recorded.

Without trying to answer for the moment the question: "What value has such a code of ethics, what effect does it have on the actual behavior of the persons concerned?" I will deal first with the problem: "Why has there been such a tremendous accumulation of these codes within the last five years?" Without presuming to decide this question in any final way I think it is arguable that an important factor in producing the recent tremendous output of ethical codes was the origination by the Federal Trade Commission of that extraordinarily interesting procedure named by them a *Trade practice submittal.*

The Federal Trade Commission, as my readers remember, was organized March 16, 1915, to carry out the provisions of the Clayton Act of October, 1914, itself closely related to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. The object of the Clayton Act was to prevent the elimination of competition through such an agreement as would constitute a violation of the anti-trust laws. Whatever tends substantially to lessen competition or to create a monopoly in any line of commerce falls under the prohibitions of the Clayton Act. The administration of this Act falls in part upon the Interstate Commerce Commission, in part upon the Federal Reserve Board, and in part upon the new Federal Trade Commission organized in 1915 soon after the passage of the Clayton Act. In November, 1918, the Federal Trade Commission in its efforts to interpret and enforce the laws against unfair competition began the practice of asking all the representatives of a given trade to come together and work out in cooperation with the commission what the trade itself considered to be "unfair" methods of competition. The result of such an agreement was then used by the commission as a basis for future corrective action within the jurisdiction and under the judicial decisions which govern its procedure. Since November 1918 there have been nineteen such trade submittals, sixteen of which have been worked out since 1920. A glance at the chart will show that the year 1920 marks the beginning of the swift increase in the number of codes of ethics worked out and published by the different trade associations.



The numbers at the left indicate the number of codes of business ethics published. The chart shows the distribution, by year of publication, of a total of 198 codes. The dotted line marks the years in which the Federal Trade Commission made its first "trade practice sumbittal."

From the point of view of a teacher of ethics, this procedure of the Federal Trade Commission is of extraordinary interest. Here we find Uncle Sam asking a group of men to state their own code of ethics. If then they commit any act contrary to this code the government can condemn them out of their own mouths and without any of that appearance of arbitrary action which we always fear when we try to settle a point in ethics involving someone else's conduct. I say "a point in ethics" and not merely a point in law because in its own statement regarding *methods of competition regarded as unfair,* the Federal Trade Commission lists*:

(1) Methods involving an element of moral turpitude since they are characterized by fraud, deception, misrepresentation, intimidation, or some similar wrongful element.
(2) Methods condemned by the common law.
(3) Methods not involving either of the above elements but placing restraint upon the freedom of particular competitors to compete or otherwise restraining trade to the detriment of competitors and the public.

OF what use is a code of ethics? As I have been familiar for many years with the *medical* code of ethics, which was one of the very few antedating the present century, and have seen how little effect it has on the behavior of physicians, I am not sanguine about any reform of business ethics to be produced merely by the formulation and publication of a code. The main question is how is it to be *enforced?* So far as it merely reproduces the provisions of a law such as the Clayton Act, it is obvious that violations of a code can be enforced and punished by law. But there are many matters referred to in these codes which do not fall under any legal prohibition. My secretary, Alice G. O'Gorman, has tabulated for me the principles underlying the 198 codes of ethics printed in Mr. Heermance's book, as well as some of the unfair practices condemned there. These are shown in tabular form below. (The numbers in the text represent the number of codes in which a stated principle or practice is mentioned.)

THE PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING 198 CODES OF BUSINESS ETHICS

Justice.
"Golden Rule" (40), "Square Deal" (21), "Those who help me, I help" (1) 62

Service (36), "Forget self, Our Profession first" (1) 37

Public Welfare (18), Lift the level of human ideals (5), Advance educational ideals (1), Mutual benefit of industry and public (1), Identity of interest (1), "Business ideals, better business methods and a high standard of Products and Service" (1), Use for general good (1), "The belief that my business has an elevating and refining influence on Society will act as an inspiration in the discharge of my duties as a Craftsman and Citizen" (1) 29

Veracity.
Truth (9), "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest" (1), "Truth, justice, courage" (1), "Keep the faith" with clients, fellows, community (1), Confidence (1), Honor (3) 16

Responsibility.
Individual responsibility (6), "Ultimate moral responsibility rests on executive notwithstanding outside support or control" (1), Obligation to American home (2), Obligation to pupils (1), Duty to God (1), Duty to God and our flag (1), Duty to public and ourselves (1), Noblesse oblige (1) 12

Other Principles.
Cooperation 3
"All to the end that our chosen business may be known as a genteel business as well as a fairly prosperous one" 2
"Anglo-Saxon ideals and historic Americanism" 1

* Annual Report 1920, p. 48.

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PRACTICES CONDEMNED IN 198 BUSINESS CODES AS "UNFAIR COMPETITION"

Bribery (subsidies, commissions paid or accepted, bonuses, rebates, incompatible side lines, working for competing firms) (96), Discriminating favors (14), Offering special advantages, e. g. credit, banking service, guaranteeing positions (17), Lotteries, premiums (4), Bootleg liquor to customers (1) 132

Running down competitors (slander, condemnation) (81), Comparisons with other's products except on the basis of published information readily verifiable (1), Drawing attention to failure of apparatus of competitors when it cannot be known whether it is due to defect or to abuse or misapplication (1) 83

Untruthful, Unfair Advertising (47), Unprofessional advertising (11), Advertising in unproductive media "is unethical" (5). 63

Misrepresentation, misstatement, deception, omission (exclusive of advertising) 60

Soliciting others' business or work (39), Soliciting practice (1), Promising cures (1) 41

Price-cutting (below cost or fair profit) (31), Competition for employment on basis of salary (1), Bargain sales (1), "Leader" selling (2) 37

Enticing others' employes 32

Unfair Competition (intensive, destructive, vicious) (18), To claim or exercise a monopoly (4), To tamper with competitor's business or goods (3), To hamper movements of competitor's products (2), To induce strikes among competitor's employes (1), Injury by [patent] litigation where case has no merit (2), Stirring up litigation (1), Minimum purchases to keep competitor from getting line (1) 32

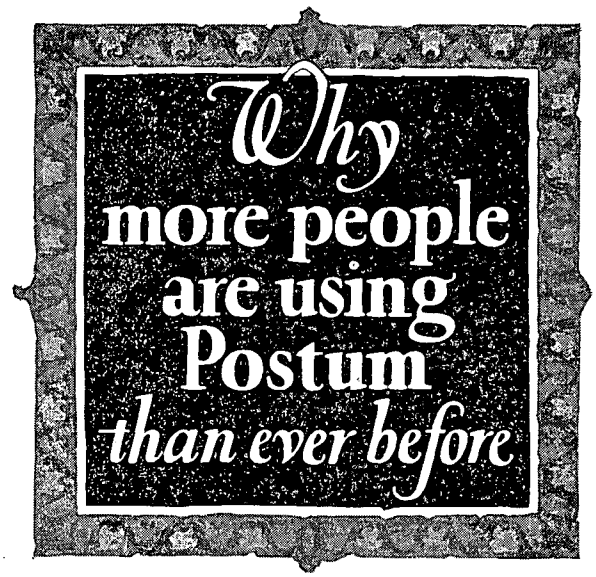
Spying (5), Information through bogus customers or employes (8), Appropriating competitor's designs or advertising matter (22), "piracy" (3), "shopping" (1) 39

Working on speculation 5

Taking advantage of social opportunities 2

To enforce the principles desired and to prevent the practices condemned, some industries have worked out their own machinery and apply it to their members. Another group, and a rapidly increasing one, are formulating arbitration agreements which amount to little courts like the Federal Trade Commission, only voluntarily arranged by the persons most concerned. With these two methods for the enforcement of the principles outlined in the new codes of ethics I think we may hope for a real improvement. In the case of one trade association, the Boston Better Business Association, which has to do with methods of advertising used in Boston industries, I have had an opportunity of seeing something of how the machinery of enforcement actually works. Misleading advertisements, which are not so misleading as to fall under the provisions of the law, e. g., those which involve labeling of fur goods and various textiles, are regulated by voluntary agreements and violations reported weekly by agents employed by the Association for that purpose and are checked through the activities of the Association itself. This seems clearly to indicate a movement in the right direction, that is towards ethical self-control by the members of a group organized in a trade for that purpose.

TO work out definite understandings between partners, between competitors and also between buyer, seller and public, and then to abide by these understandings in letter and in spirit is certainly an essential minimum of any sound ethics in the field of business. Such understandings are like the rules of any game. We must make them clear, agree upon them and abide by them, otherwise we have chaos. To a good many people this seems enough. Thus in the admirable little code of ethics published a good many years



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ago by Edward A. Filene business ethics is reduced to the single formula (I quote from memory); "Producing and selling what the public wants as cheaply as possible and under conditions fair to employes." This is splendid so far as it goes. But I think one should add that it is also the duty of the business men sometimes to give the public something better than they yet clearly demand, because they do not know enough oftentimes to demand what they really want. Following a similar train of reasoning I should say that besides clearly stating our agreements and then being faithful to them in letter and in spirit we should always strive to better these agreements, as we are always trying to improve our foot-ball rules. Certainly we must keep our promises. That is *minimum ethics,* although if followed out in letter and in spirit it would carry us very far above the average ethics of the day. But besides keeping our promises we should see deeper into the meaning of the desires which led us to make these promises, and on the basis of a new reading of these desires we should revise and improve our agreements.

The ethics that means *faithfulness to the rules of the game* is an essential minimum. Many industries have not, I imagine, got nearly so far as this. The rules they follow are very vague and shifty. Hence, written codes, enforced through arbitration agreements or otherwise, are of great value because they force vague understandings to take clear unambiguous shape. But to be satisfied with this is to say that "whatever is is right" and that *standing pat* is good enough for us. Every code embodies the progress of a living impulse to better things, an impulse which like the search for truth is always moving, never satisfied. "Normalcy" soon grows abnormal, because the master desire of mankind, out of which all ethics springs, never knows the whole of its own meaning. Let us return for a moment to Mr. Filene's formula. "Give the public what it wants, cheaply and under fair working conditions." That is a vast improvement over the business practices which are content with "success" in the sense of financial profit even if gained by disservice to the public. Mr. Filene rightly pictures the business man as a public servant, paid for good service. But perhaps the public does not always know what it wants? That possibility is not covered by Mr. Filene"s formula. Let us look into it further.

The public takes what it finds or what it can get and in this act looks very much the same as if it was getting what it wants. But is the public proved to *want* all the idiotic fashions in women's dress merely because they are accepted? Did Barnum's public really *want* to be fooled (as he said), or did they merely *accept* his fraudulent "mermaids" and "missing links" because they were gullible? A public "demand" is supposed to exist for whatever actually sells well and the supply emerges in response to this "demand." But can anyone seriously maintain that people *want* all the wild-cat stocks, all the bad whiskey, all the rotten drama and music, all the lying newspaper headlines which they pay for? What other evidence have we that they want them except the fact of payment?

In one sense of course the morphinist *"wants"* his dope and the thief certainly gives good evidence of wanting the money that he steals. But nobody thinks that such demands are justified on their face value. In another sense we want whatever wages or salary we get—no matter how low. We would rather have it than nothing at all. In still another

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way we can be said to *want* all the laws that are on the statute book (whether we know them or not) because we have acquiesced in their existence, or at any rate have not made organized or effectual protest against them. But none of these wants need be taken as expressing the person's desires, or understood to mean that these "wants" are to be taken as a guide to our action or a justification of anyone who helps him to satisfy these wants and no more. Else all actions would be right since all enforce desire.

I think we all know well enough that we owe it to every man to help him towards the expression of his own poorly expressed wants and to accept his help towards *finding* out as well as towards carrying out what we ourselves want. This is the deeper cooperation, more helpful than that by which people share in the execution of desires already clearly known or accepted without question.

This is perhaps the core of Christian ethics: to go with a man twain when he asks our help for one mile, to give people what they don't dare ask for and have no right to claim but verily need—to accept more than we know how to hope for and know we do not deserve.

I have seen this "maximum ethics" rather seldom among business men and rather seldom anywhere else. Clergymen, as I have seen them, do chiefly what is demanded by their parishes, doctors what is expected by their patients, teachers what their position seems to call for, social workers what their employers and their clients have grown used to. It takes courage and faith to give more than is asked at the risk of being called a fool or neglecting to keep the machine running.

So I find in the little that I have seen of business ethics the same three stages that are apparent in other professions:

1. *Each for himself;* so far as he can get away with it.
2. *Minimum ethics;* acting according to "the rules of the game" agreed upon, explicitly and implicitly.
3. *Christian ethics;* a sample of which is the effort to satisfy real, deep and permanent desires and not merely obvious desires, in others as well as in ourselves.

WEST LYNN
(*Continued from page* 27)

the voice of the people is ultimately the voice of God and make the expert its servant?

The prerequisite to dispassionate analysis and appraisal is the removal of the atmosphere of fear and hostility which now intervenes between the two major groups—the protagonists of the company unions and the autonomous trade unions. If what Mary Follett calls the *plus values of conflict* are to emerge from the inevitable clash between them, they will have to devise a new technique of conference, analysis and synthesis. The last annual convention of the American Federation of Labor would seem to have prepared the way by adopting a resolution forswearing mere hostility to company unions and calling for their scientific appraisal. President Green has given substance to the spirit of that resolution by appearing before a joint meeting of the Taylor Society and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and pledging the cooperation of organized labor to an open-minded exploration of the problem. The General Electric Company would seem to have responded in kind when it invited President Green to broadcast his views on the problem from its great radio station in Schenectady. Out of these small beginnings a new technique of conference and integration of forces may arise to resolve conflict into creative synthesis—a synthesis to which the experience of West Lynn will have made a major contribution.

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WHERE ARE THE PRE-WAR RADICALS?

(*Continued from page* 34)

magnificent schools, parks, playgrounds, and many protective measures for the workers, for women, for children. I am glad for these things. But we also have the election returns of recent years. Rome had the things we have. She was adorned with palaces and public places. She had "good" government. But the spirit of Rome died. Liberty was destroyed. There was bread and circuses. Under the Medici Florence was the most splendid city in Europe. But the men who gave these things to Florence took her liberties in exchange. They ended the republic. Germany in our day had good government, honest government, efficient government. I personally prefer the bad days of yesterday when the boss was out in the open, when evil exhibited itself, when our cities were alive with reformers fighting a good fight in the open, rather than conditions today when evil maintains its power through subtle, respectable agencies, through the control of the press, through chambers of commerce, and most of all through terrorism—the terrorism of economic and social fear.

I can only speak for myself as to the war. It all but destroyed my picture of America. It does not come to life again. I felt a moral obligation for our personal and political liberties. Also for the protection of those men and women who were more courageous than I was. Liberty was as dear to me as another kind of patriotism was dear to other hundred per cent Americans. And when I saw liberty laid prostrate by those from whom I had expected protection, when I found my kind of Americanism under suspicion, if not denounced as criminal, when I saw my government using its power in a hysteria of fear to crush civil and political liberties, when I saw these things, much of my belief in men, in the political state and in my own America all but died. I think it died for millions of others. I believed then, as I believe now, that it was the solemn duty of those in power to be more concerned over liberty at home than over liberty over seas, especially as the men who were then in power knew far better than I did that war was always destructive of human liberties. I have known public men who would have been so concerned. I had no doubt then or now but that the war would have been carried on fully as effectively if we had been as dedicated to the protection of democracy at home as we were to carrying democracy overseas. We failed to give liberty to Europe. We might have saved America. And we should have protected, encouraged and given high honor to those men and women who loved America for what she professed to be and for what she had always been.

FREMONT Older and Clarence Darrow say that they are tired. I do not believe either of them. Fremont Older doubts that labor will save the world. The workers are like other men, he says, when it comes to the scratch: "If there is to be any improvement it will not be accomplished by labor."

My faith in labor is not in the individual worker. It is rather in labor as a class. Men, as he suggests, are pretty much alike. The "good" banker is a quite different person when he sits on the board of directors of the coal trust, of a railroad, of a public utility commission. He votes as a banker, not as a Sunday School superintendent or as the foremost contributor to the cathedral. So with labor. The worker may hope for some personal private gain, but the class to which he belongs cannot get it. There aren't enough privileges to go around. The individual must conform to the wants of the mass and the wants of labor as a class must of necessity be for a square deal, no special favors, the end of parasitism. My faith in labor is not because of its higher personal morality It is rather because of an economic, biological instinct that

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moves men to act according to their self-interest. I am biologially minded in my politics. Also in my history. It was class interest that moved the landed proprietors to take power away from the king. It was class interest that moved the capitalists to take power from the landed proprietors. Each in turn used political power in his own interest. That is as clear as daylight from history. Feudal baron and capitalist, southern slave owner and steel magnate, the trusts, the business men, the tariff-protected interests and the banker, are as instinctive in their political thought as is the amoeba. So will it be with labor. So is it with labor all over Europe today. There is some self-seeking, some personal jealousy, but the mass is moving slowly towards an ideal from which it cannot be lead away; the ideal of richer opportunity for all. It is this that gives me confidence in the labor movement. It is this too that makes me feel that all liberals and radicals should be identified with it.

AS to some of the specific explanations of why we are where we are, I agree with William Allen White that the reformer's "time is not now." "The average man puts his hand to his mouth and swallows his yawn" when one talks of reform.

With Clarence Darrow I am in accord that "the world war is largely responsible for the reactionary tendency of the day. When nations begin mobilizing they start with the liars." The war gave privilege an unparalleled opportunity. And the sad thing about the War was that privilege was invited in to a feast instead of to a sacrifice. It was not only of gold but of human ideals as well.

I hope with John S. Phillips that "man cannot live by automobiles and bath-rooms alone" but I am partly convinced by Frobenius, the great German anthropoligist, that by virtue of our *landschaft,* our climate and our restless conquering spirit, we Americans may never want anything but automobiles and bath-rooms. It may be that culture, wisdom, quiet living, are denied us by nature herself. Billy Hard warms me by hoping for the day when we will turn our minds from "more commissions" to more emancipations, from more laws to more repeals of more laws." I wish I could feel as hopeful as Louis F. Post, that the dawn of our day is no further away than was that of Milton or of William Lloyd Garrison in 1850, or could join with Burton K. Wheeler in believing that the five million men and women who voted for La Follette are but the forerunners of a new 1860. For a long time I agreed with Roger Baldwin that the world had lost faith in parliaments. I am not sure of that now. Or if it has lost faith it does not know where to turn for something better. There is one thing the American mind will not question, and that is the constitution. It has a supersanctity that no other institution in the world enjoys.

I am not profoundly interested in the prosperity referred to by several contributors, nor in the higher wages which are being received by labor. I have never wanted democracy that was satisfied with crumbs from the table, no matter if those crumbs contained occasional bits of cake. As for myself I prefer the rough open warfare of pre-war days to the contentment, the bread and circuses which we are offered today.

ACCORDING to Stuart Chase I have retired to the Island of Nantucket to "dig turnips." There is some truth to that. Also, I might add, that I have been *trying* to think. Digging turnips is easier digging, I find, than thinking. Wisdom comes hard. Political and economic wisdom comes very hard. Personal wisdom comes hardest of all.

Permit me a few general reflections from my turnip patch. It grows many weeds. It grows some roses. And those roses are for the most part symbolically identified with the ten years before the war, with the men and women included in this

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symposium, who were doing their bit at sacrifice to themselves, all giving courage to their friends and all contributing, probably as substantially as one individual can contribute among a hundred million, to making the world a little more to their liking.

They were mavericks, mavericks even among reformers. For they had this distinction. They did not seek to interfere, as Ray Stannard Baker suggests as to reformers generally, with other people's lives. Certainly not by legislation. They were interested in social and political change. It is this that makes them distinctive in a nation so much given to reform. They trusted to the human mind. They thought men could be led to think straight if they were given the facts. They believed that the truth would make us free.

And they still profess their faith. They have not joined the crowd. They are not playing the game.

There is a minority that I admire the most, a minority that is still close up by the firing line taking a punishment that in pre-war days had a certain glory about it because of the applause from the second line trenches. Now it is rather lonely business.

As for myself I have to make a confession. I am not sure that I have any claim to being called a radical. I expected someone to hurl that brickbat at my head when my book appeared. I did not have enough iron in my make-up to go on the cross. Tom Johnson did. La Follette, John Haynes Holmes, Oswald Garrison Villard, Roger Baldwin, Eugene Debs, Morris Hillquit did. They accepted the penalties of loneliness. Those of them who are still alive are doing so still.

I think the protest of our particular brand of radicals was the protest of the pioneer, of the sons of western settlers, of an untrammeled race that could not willingly see the economic freedom to which it was accustomed destroyed by monopoly. We could not see the state destroyed by corruption. We wanted to preserve the America of our fathers, the America they had bequeathed to us in our youth.

I think our kind of reformers will not reappear because the conditions that made up what we were have gone. The reformer of tomorrow will fight with a different background. He will, I think, fight for substantially the same thing, for the things we fought for relate to the right to live. And the people must fight for the right to live or the people must die. There is no other alternative.

Digging turnips has given me tolerance, possibly some wisdom. I do not now expect my plans for the world will ever be realized. That is too much to ask. Every other man and woman wants a different world from that which I want. And they have an equal right to have it. The future plan lies, I think, with two philosophies that have a common end though they disagree in method. Those two philosophies are socialism and the single tax, with the odds on socialism. The single tax is logical, mathematical, intellectual. I doubt if the world can be remodeled on purely logical lines. Emotion plays too big a part in men's thinking. It will be remodeled on class lines. In this I agree with Morris Hillquit, Roger Baldwin, Eugene V. Debs, Norman Thomas, not because I am a socialist, but because socialism has a mass appeal. It is easily understood. About it the economic interests and wants of the majority of mankind can be mobilized.

And the majority will rule somehow in the end. That is inescapable. When the pasture lands were opened to the herd by universal suffrage it became merely a question of time when the herd would find its way in. It required forty years of the wilderness to make the Jews humble. And humility is the hardest lesson of all. We only need to trust our instinctive wants for equal opportunity. That is a matter of courage. And America has plenty of courage even though it is temporarily in eclipse.

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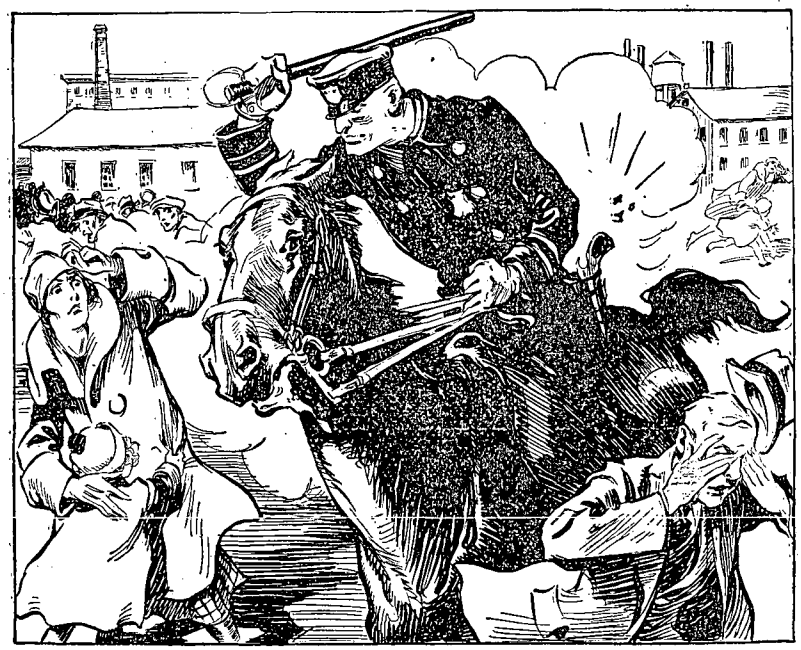

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stir youth to faith in itself; they give momentum to learning, make it seem socially important, and offer, perhaps, a sort of general "road guide" through the realms of knowledge; and then they set the youth upon his own feet—with life and the world in which to adventure all his days.

Being autonomous, these schools have no common program. Each does its own work in its own way. But all have a common aim. They all seek to plant the roots of the individual's life deep in the soils of the old Danish cultures; to lift the eyes of his mind high above the merely local, and to show him the great pageant of history; to help him envisage the structure of a rich and varied community life; and to catch the contrast between tradition and science as the interpreter of life. They believe that if a tree—or a man—is to grow tall and strong, his roots must go deep.

So these students come to understand and appreciate what Denmark has been, and is: *Denmark,* incarnate in a great teacher, brings them this. They learn something of the great minds and great moments of history: a teacher who has lived through history brings them this. Not much can be done, of course, with the details of history in a few months—nor in a few years, either, as most college graduates could testify, if given immunity. But some sense of the great trends can be realized, and some of the great answers to life's problems.

They stand face to face for some never to be forgotten hours with the spirit of science, as incarnate in a flaming mind, and let their own minds make up as to whether they are to live as traditionalists or as scientists. And they confront the realities of social living—the forces that are tearing down and building up communities, at home and around the world.

This is the sort of teaching that goes on. Out of his contacts with these minds and personalities for these few months, the average student in one of these schools becomes intelligent enough to know that the only sort of life that is endurable is a life of intellectual and moral independence; and that the only possible way by which such a life can be achieved, in these days of world-pressures in all lines, is through social and economic cooperation with his fellows. He goes back to his home intelligently ready to help make his village a center of human culture; to make the cooperative associations the permanent instruments of its economic activities; and to make the cooperative spirit the expression of its moral and religious interests.

These schools do not "graduate" anybody. They do not, for any consideration, guarantee that anybody has an "education," much less a "mind." But they do undertake to awaken whatever "mind" any student may have brought to the school with him; and they offer that "mind" at just the right moments in its embattled history the chance that it needs to escape from the trivial, the glittering, the sordid and the moribund in its environments, into life and growth. These things these schools do: nothing more. What more can any school really do?

IN the course of my observations, all the elements in the picture came to a focus: the *theory* of these schools as stated by Grundtvig; the *civilization* of the country-side, as dramatized in the cooperative individualist, the independent farmer; and now these *practices* of the folk schools, themselves: theory, practice, and results all agreed. In their correlation I found the answer to my original questions with an authenticity that I had not thought possible. The theory, itself, is undogmatic; the practices are flexible and free; the result is a civilization which combines rootage in the ancient soils of national culture and community living with growth into the free world of science and intelligent control. This is what education at its best always hopes to be: the release and discipline of a social intelligence that is adequate, by and large, to the complicated task of directing social change. Here, in Denmark, educational intelligence seems to have achieved this aim. It has discovered, and learned how to utilize those intellectual vitamins and those spiritual endocrines which regulate the processes of social metabolism, so that farming has completely lost its ancient derogations; village life, elsewhere often so stupefying, has here become the center of the finest cultural and cooperative developments; and information, usually looked upon as about as desirable as so much sawdust, has here become the structural material of a complete equipment of scientific technics. This—that "consummation devoutly to be wished"—to quote a well-known Dane—seems to me not only the adequate answer to my quest—but an educational achievement with which the whole world needs to be acquainted.

ONE further line of evidence must be cited. The support of such "free schools" is always a difficult problem. It has been difficult in Denmark. In the old days the schools always had deficits. Some failed for lack of funds. But, now the difficulty is past. The state, which in no sense owns or controls these schools, helps to support them. The state grants subventions to any such school, on two simple conditions; first, that the school shall have been in existence at least two years, and shall have at least forty pupils each year; and, second, that it is doing genuine work, not just "stalling" for a subvention. There is here no state control: a state inspector visits the school to find out whether it has the minimum number of students, and whether it is carrying on a regular program of work. He does not concern himself with what the school is teaching: with its politics, or its economics, or its moralities, or its religions. If the school has its pupils and is carrying on work, it gets its subvention—according to its needs—from the state.

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These schools accept this state aid without submitting to state control on the ground that the modern democratic nation must make sure, for its own protection, that its intellectual life is not left wholly to the not too tender mercies of the formal state schools. "Nothing," said Grundtvig, "could be more undesirable than the complete regimentation of mind that must come from the complete surrender of the control of education to the state." The independent farmer of the countryside says "Those are my sentiments, to the dot"; and the teacher in the People's highschool says: "The nation needs more than one kind of education: we offer the other kind."

The state accepts the argument as valid—partly because the "state" is, in large part, just this independent farmer of the countryside; but mostly because, through several decades, now, the idea has been able to demonstrate its validity. In Denmark, the doctrine that the state must control all the education that it pays for stops short here. The security of the state rests, the Danes believe, not in the regimentation of the minds of its *subjects,* but in the independent intelligence of the people. Therefore, the government makes sure that these free schools shall not fail for lack of funds.

This attitude seems to me to be a "high water mark" of modern civilization.

IF I have spoken with enthusiasm of these schools, it is because they seem to me the most intelligent educational institutions I have ever come in contact with. I do not mean that there is no place for other (*Continued on page* 59)

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THE PLASTIC YEARS

(*Continued from page* 55)

types of schools in Denmark. Nor do I mean that these schools are beyond criticism, or that the methods of these Danish teachers have been in all ways above reproach. I do mean that it is demonstrated in these schools, that the things intelligence is engaged in making, larger intelligence can criticise, correct, adapt, or destroy as conditions may demand—without smashing the foundations of the world. Such criticisms and such changes are being made all the while in Denmark. Their cumulation has turned a nation of peasants into a nation of independent farmers and so long as these remain, they will fight for and support the sort of school that most nearly serves their changing needs.

Others, elsewhere, will work out their own programs in their own ways. Sweden and Finland have, in more recent years, gone far toward building schools of this same general type for their own rural needs. And, in Danish cities, just now, as the workers are gaining more and more of political power, they are preparing to make use of this "free" school idea. To be sure, the city workers have some difficulty in organizing such a program: they are socialists, and as such they are, theoretically, committed to an unmitigated support of the state schools. Nonetheless, they are casting longing eyes in the direction of this "free" program; and in one city, Esbjerg, on the west coast, they have built an *Arbejderhöjskole,* or Workers' Highschool, much on the lines of the rural institutions. But that is another story, dealing with another chapter in the life of Denmark, and perhaps of the world—a chapter still mostly unwritten because as yet unlived.

But whatever that new chapter may turn out to be, nothing therein to be written can dim the story herein briefly told. Something has happened in the Danish country side that has not happened elsewhere in the world: the farmer has become the scientist in his work and the cooperator in his economic life, and through science and cooperation he has achieved—within the limits and stabilities of the existent world order—such a control over his own destiny as to be rightly called "independent." These results are, quite generally, by the Danes and their visitors, attributed, predominantly, to the work of these independent, free schools, which have violated all the accepted practices of the conventional schools and universities; but which have helped thereby to secure to the private and public life of Denmark an intellectual depth and breadth almost unknown elsewhere—not primarily by working for it in a formal fashion, but by making such a result supremely desirable as a community accomplishment and by eliminating those obstacles which in most schools stand in the way of progress to the goals they most profess to be seeking.

It is no part of my present argument that these Danish schools can be made to work in other lands. But educators, everywhere, have much to learn from these schools. In a second article I shall deal with the rural life in which these schools have so large a share, and the implications of this program for American education will be the subject of a concluding article.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STRIKE

(*Continued from page* 12)

were willing to accept. According to the New York Times correspondent,

The plan calls for immediate return of the strikers to work pending adjustment of their grievances. The mill owners insisted that the strikers must first return to their jobs and assured Secretary Davis that, if they did so, the mill owners would hear grievances and seek to adjust them in a reasonable time. Should they fail to compose their differences by mutual agreement, points not settled . . . would be submitted to a committee of three arbitrators.

The plan was a modification of one drawn up by the Labor Department, which the employers refused in its original form. It was rejected on behalf of the strikers by a committee which is reported to have made counterproposals to the effect that a minimum "living wage" be established immediately, after which the strikers would return to their jobs and negotiations would follow between a representative of their own choosing—i. e., Weisbord, if they please—and a representative of the mill owners.

It would be unfortunate if the sensational elements in the Passaic strike, the German connections of certain of the mills, the communist philosophy of the strike leader, the violence of the local police, should divert public attention from the underlying economic and social predicament of the textile industry. The low wages against which the Passaic workers have been stirred to revolt are not peculiar to Passaic; they are characteristic of all the mill towns of the north. It is only too obvious that the difficulties in Passaic may spread to other textile communities, and that there may be a repetition of the 1912 struggle, when the I. W. W. tried to move the workers and the public with a series of outbreaks that reached their climax at Lawrence. The war temporarily checked that revolt. But a stupid and unnecessary re-enactment of that dreary tragedy is possible now. Regardless of ownership and leadership in Passaic, the workers have a genuine grievance which calls for thorough investigation and a remedy that reaches underlying causes.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates: Display: Graphic, 30 cents a line; Midmonthly, 27 cents a line. 14 agate lines to the inch. Want advertisements eight cents per word or initial, including address or box number. Minimum charge, first insertion, $1.50. Cash with orders. Discounts 5% on three insertions: 10% on six insertions.

Address Advertising Department **THE SURVEY** 112 East 19th Street New York City

WORKERS WANTED

LEADING Social Settlement located in New York needs a Head Worker, who can direct a large work and has the vision and ability to extend the sphere of the Settlement's influence as a leading social agency. State qualifications, experience, etc. 5442 SURVEY.

WANTED, at the Children's Village, Dobbs Ferry on Hudson, N. Y., printing instructor to train boys in the art of printing in getting out the work incident to an institution, including a monthly publication. Apply to Managing Director.

TEACHER, single, for grade manual training instruction at boys' training school in Northern Ohio. Pleasant home environment and satisfactory remuneration. An unusual opportunity for a man who likes real boys and outdoor life. Begin July or September. 5445 SURVEY.

WOMAN teacher who understands boys and is capable of instructing primary grades in boys' training school in Northern Ohio. Some proficiency in piano desirable. Homelike environment. Begin September 1. 5446 SURVEY.

WANTED: Housemother to take charge of 26 small boys, ages 8-12, cottage community in the country, 90 miles from New York. Requirements, refinement, love for children, and knowledge of home making. Write giving age and previous experience. 5443 SURVEY.

WANTED: In a Philadelphia Hospital a Social Worker with good educational background and experience in case work. Hospital experience not necessary. 5406 SURVEY.

Negro Social Worker Wanted

Man or woman wanted as Executive Secretary for Negro Welfare Council. One with experience in various types of social work, in inter-racial relationships or general community welfare promotion preferred. Send in first letter full and specific details as to age, education, training, experience, references, salary requirements, date available and other qualifications.

HARVEY LEEBRON,
Executive Director
New London Community Chest, Inc.
407 Plant Building
New London, Conn.

WORKERS WANTED

Attention Social Workers!

Positions open now for—

1. **Couple, settlement head residents, Mid-Western City. $3,000 or more and residence.**
2. **Case work supervisor, large city New Jersey, April 1. $2,400.**
3. **Assistant supervisor case work, New York City. $1800.**
4. **Case workers, New York City. $125.—$150.**
5. **Educational Director and teachers for Girls' Industrial School, New York State. $1,200—$1,800, and maintenance.**

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An occupational Bureau for College Women
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EXECUTIVE SECRETARY for Community Health Center of Philadelphia, under Federation of Jewish Charities. The Center conducts clinics in preventive medicine, dental hygiene, and psychiatrice, and has extension service for nutrition and health education. In replying please state full qualifications. 5448 SURVEY.

COOPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes Street, Providence, R. I.

GRADUATE NURSES, dietitians, laboratory technicians for excellent hospital positions everywhere. Write for free book now. Aznoe's Central Registry for Nurses, 30 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

DO YOU NEED

Institutional, Settlement, Family Case Workers: Club Leaders, Trained Nurses, Dietitians, Child Welfare or Industrial Social Workers? Executive Service Corporation, Pershing Square Building, New York City.

WANTED—House Manager for a Philadelphia Settlement. Salary, $1,200 and partial maintenance. Two months vacation. State age, experience and references. 5452 SURVEY.

WANTED: General Secretary for county child placing organization in central Massachusetts, which maintains a Receiving Home. 5416 SURVEY.

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Big Profits in Home Cooking!
Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to make home cooking, cake-making, candy-making give big profits. How to cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 61 Ways to Make Money, in your own business or good positions. Write today for illus. booklet, "Cooking for Profit," it's FREE.
Amer. School of Home Economics, 849 E. 58th St., Chicago

SITUATIONS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Executive, (Jewish, married) desires connection with a progressive child caring organization. Highest credentials. 5431 SURVEY.

POSITION desired Superintendent small Settlement by woman, thirteen years Social Work experience. Would consider position Family Visitor in Settlement House, Child Welfare or Girls' Protective work. 5444 SURVEY.

EXPERIENCED teacher, social worker, athlete, interested in social problems, wants connection with large concern in personnel department. Age 30. Married. 5441 SURVEY.

CASE-WORK executive, college graduate, fifteen years in social work; good organizer. Available at end of summer. Prefer work with girls or unmarried mothers. 5447 SURVEY.

GRADUATE NURSE, experienced, desires position in summer camp. Either adult or children. References. 5450 SURVEY.

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT and all around gymnast with twenty-two years' teaching experience, loking for opening. 5437 SURVEY.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, experienced case and court worker, holding important position, desires change. 5433 SURVEY.

POSITION wanted either in institution or private family for American couple. Husband has had experience in charge of recreation work, boys school, as salesman, is chauffeur and expert mechanic. Wife is trained and experienced kindergarten teacher, also stenographer and typist. One little boy, aged nine. Both absolutely trustworthy and devoted, could be left in charge of children or old people. Country preferred. Address 7. D., care of Mrs. Gordon Norrie, 153 East 61st St., N. Y. City

CASE WORKER, graduate of professional school and ten years' experience seeks executive or supervisory position. Free at once. 5451 SURVEY.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker desires position as Superintendent in children's institution. 5453 SURVEY.

FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS

are available October 1, 1926

at

East Side House, New York City,

to young women wishing to fit themselves for responsible positions in social settlement or community work.

Definite training under expert supervision in neighborhood surveys, group activities and work with adult immigrants of many nationalities.

Address,

EAST SIDE HOUSE, 540 East 76th Street,

HELEN HART, Head Worker — SARA LIBBY CARSON, Director of Training

(In answering advertisements please mention THE SURVEY. *It helps us, it identifies you.)*

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Ideal place for restful vacation or week end in country. Good wholesome food. Moderate rates. Two hours from N. Y.—near New Haven. Write for further information.

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SHAKESPEARE—How many questions could you answer on Shakespeare? Consult the game "A Study of Shakespeare." Endorsed by best authorties. Instructive and entertaining. Price 60 cents. The Shakespeare Club, Camden, Maine.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS Wanted for college and universities. American College Bureau, Chicago Temple, Chicago; 1256 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

WANTED: Copies of the Survey and Survey Graphic for 1923: Jan. 1, 15 Feb. 1, 15; March 15; April 15; June 15; Aug. 1; Sept. 1; Dec. 15. 1924: Feb. 15. 1925: March 15; May 15; September 15; October 15. 1926: Jan. 15. Unexpected demand has wiped out our stock. Subscribers who do not need their issues for future use will confer a real favor by returning these numbers to us for use in libraries and colleges. The Survey, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.

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SUMMER COTTAGES

New York

Adirondacks

Keene Valley, N. Y.

Cottages for sale or to rent for 1926

REASONABLE

Write

W. H. OTIS, Real Estate Agent

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FOR RENT, June to October: Fifty feet from water, five minutes from station, 6 rooms and bath on lower floor of old Colonial house. Furnished. $300 for season. Hedden, Old Post Office House, Cos Cob, Conn. Telephone Greenwich 2010-M.

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CENTURY old Colonial home for sale. Half-acre garden, trees. Nine rooms, baths, fireplaces, steam, sleeping porches. Adaptable two families. One thousand down, balance seventy monthly. Call, write "Owner", 264 Flaxhill Road, South Norwalk, Conn.

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6 ROOM furnished apartment facing Park; piano, antique furniture; sacrifice May-October. 96 Morningside Ave., Cor. 123rd St. T. L. Cotton.

"It pays to advertise"

February 16, 1926

The Survey,
112 East 19th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

Replying to your inquiry of February 15th, I beg to advise you that it will not be necessary to repeat the advertisement in the issue of March first. I was very much pleased with the results of the advertisement inserted in your prior issues. We received many worth-while applications for the position, and were pleased to offer the position to one of those applicants.

Very truly yours,

.....

.....

Now is the RIGHT time

Before summer comes, decide where you will start building this spring. Visit

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A beautiful community of artists, writers, professional people where 1-4 or 1-2 acre plots cost less than the cramped 25 x 100 lots elsewhere. Wooded country, glorious views, only 32 miles from the city, 100 trains daily, near shops and schools.

Let us tell you more about this ideal community.

Harry Kelly 70 Fifth Ave., New York
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FRESH AIR HOME FOR SALE. Several acres and two buildings well equipped for thirty children. Splendid location for permanent or summer work. Philanthropic organization may purchase at cost price. Address 5425 SURVEY.

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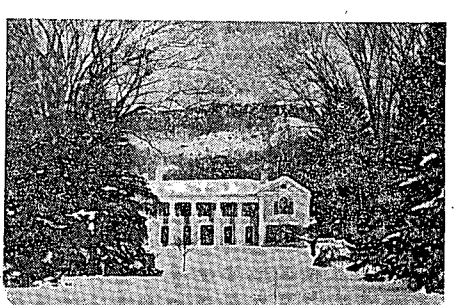
Advertising Department

THE SURVEY

112 East 19th Street New York City

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY



PARTNER wanted by a woman of position, owning a fine old Colonial estate in a historic New Hampshire town. Would like partner with some capital, in establishing a tutoring and travel school for girls. Living and working conditions ideal. 5449 Survey.

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FOR five years the Moak Printing Company has done a steadily growing business with some of the leading Social Agencies, Religious, Literary and Dramatic Organizations in New York.

It prints their appeals, leaflets, annual reports, letterheads, and other office forms. For their executives, it prints personal cards and book plates.

Whether the quantity is 100 cards or 300,000 illustrated announcements of a series of conferences, we give full measure of *Quality* and *Service*.

Quality, as we practice it, includes the use of type to suit illustrations and paper, the right margins, ink that is not gray on some parts and filled-in on others.

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Printing
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Better, Cheaper, Quicker

We have complete equipment and an expert staff to do your
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If you will investigate you will find that we can do it better, quicker and *cheaper* than you can in your own office.
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Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting materials. Any length cut. Price $2.00 per yd., postage paid. Patterns free
NEWALL 197 STORNOWAY SCOTLAND

LITERARY SERVICES
Speeches, club papers, articles, lectures, debates, etc., prepared to order. Outlines or complete productions. Research work. Exclusive service.
John H. Arnold, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

FOR THE HOME

"Home-Making as a Profession"
Is a 80-pp. ill. handbook—it's FREE. Home-study Domestic Science courses, for teaching, institution management, etc. and for home-making efficiency.
Am. School of Home Economics, 849 E. 58th St., Chicago

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Fifty cents a line for four insertions, copy to remain unchanged.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF NURSING shows the part which trained nurses are taking in the betterment of the world. Put it in your library. $3.00 a year. 19 W. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

MENTAL HYGIENE: quarterly: $3.00 a year: published by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

CURRENT PAMPHLETS

Fifty cents a line for four insertions, copy to remain unchanged.

COOKING FOR PROFIT, by Alice Bradley, describes home-study course, which includes catering, tea room, cafeteria and lunch room management. "51 Ways to Make Money" free. Am. School of Home Economics, 5772 Drexel Ave., Chicago.

AGED CLIENTS OF BOSTON SOCIAL AGENCIES, by a Group of Investigators and Social Workers, Lucile Eaves, Director. Experienced Social workers comment on studies based on over a thousand case histories of care given the aged. Order from the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., Cloth, 152 pp., $1.25.

CHICAGO STANDARD BUDGET FOR DEPENDENT FAMILIES (Revised). Chicago Council of Social Agencies, 308 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. 25c per copy.

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Dangerous Reading

ANATOLE FRANCE was a writer unsurpassed in modern times. He says the beginning of education is being interested. You can't learn when you are bored. Hasn't your own experience taught you that?

How many people hate works of genius today because they were forced down their throats at a time when they found them dull? How many really great books and plays have been eternally spoiled for you because you were bored by them and had to read them at school, or from a sense of duty?

The truth is, whether a story was written last week or a hundred years ago—whether it is by a "classic" author or a widely-heralded best seller—*if it is dull* it is dangerous reading for the man or woman who has discovered what education means.

When you have laughed, wept or thrilled over one short story that is really good; when you have been absorbed in one truly moving book; when you have sensed life a little more keenly because of the winged words of one vivid poem, you have contributed more to your education than a man has received from scores of impressive volumes read from a sense of duty.

That is why

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makes such an appeal to the reader who demands something interesting and at the same time enduring. From the vast storehouse of the world's classics, written perhaps this year, perhaps thousands of years ago, each month it offers you those great stories, poems, plays and adventures that remain great because they are alive today.

As the telephone, the automobile and the radio enable you to live more richly, this new and delightful magazine has been inspired by the modern spirit to give you the pure gold that genius has mined. From all countries and all times it brings you adventures into literature.

The charm of The Golden Book is like the charm of an exquisite bouquet, of a delightful meal—just the right selections relative to you and to each other. It is that indefinable thing—the personality of The Golden Book—that has brought in one year 200,000 devoted readers. It is really edited.

How Would You Enjoy a Lunch with Beatrix Esmond?

Beautiful Beatrix, immortal in fascination, irresistible in mysterious feminine appeal—with a touch of the devil. If she came to your town, would you invite her to lunch, if you had the chance?

Of course you would, and that luncheon would be history in your life, for Beatrix, Thackeray's heroine, is one of the most tantalizing women ever created.

Beatrix is not alone. There are dozens of these exciting women waiting for you.

You feel their presence in the room with you—electric, intoxicating. As if by magic they step out of the pages that hold them, to you. They are as alive as the girl you noticed on the street today. Hundreds of men have fallen in love with them.

You don't seek out the commonplace girl in real life. If women interest and delight you, don't be content with pale, dull heroines who are only imitations of the colorful great ones.

That is the endless pleasure of The Golden Book. There you are always sure of meeting the most wonderful women who ever sent a man's heart pounding. From all countries and all times are the women it would thrill you most to know. Meet them in The Golden Book.

Among the contributors to the April issue are:

W. Somerset Maugham	James Stephens
Georges Clemenceau	O. Henry
Stewart Edward White	Lafcadio Hearn
Joseph C. Lincoln	Baudelaire
Stacy Aumonier	Lewis Carroll
Robert L. Stevenson	Thomas Hardy

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Everyone who loves books that are interesting will see at once the dazzling possibilities of such a magazine.

In order that you may know yourself how stimulating The Golden Book can be, we have decided—*for a little while only*—to make a special offer to new subscribers. The regular price of The Golden Book is twenty-five cents a copy. We are going to send you two issues at our expense, and this is how. If you act at once we will give you The Golden Book for six months for $1.00 instead of $1.50. But—this is only for prompt action.

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Simply fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us today. Do it now, while you are looking at it. This is only a temporary introductory offer to new subscribers. We cannot offer it long. We do not promise ever to make it again. Sooner or later you are going to become enthusiastic about The Golden Book if you enjoy reading fascinating stories. Send the coupon at once and be glad. Do not wait and be sorry.

S.G. 4-26

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55 Fifth Ave., New York

Send The Golden Book to the address below at Special Introductory offer, six months. I enclose $1—instead of the usual $1.50.

Name .....

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City .....

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Behaviorism

By JOHN B. WATSON

HUMAN conduct CAN be influenced. We all know it. The behavior-psychologist practices it — and teaches its practice. Dr. Watson tells the most fascinating stories to illustrate his scientific points.

Stories of dogs in his home.

Stories of babies in his psychological clinic at Johns Hopkins University.

Of how he engineered a good day's work for a friend who got up with a Monday morning grouch due to over-strenuous exercise at the week-end and an underdone egg at breakfast.

Of why the Russian revolution and the prohibition amendment could not produce the results confidently predicted for them.

The first edition of these lectures-in-print, with each chapter a separate pamphlet as described in the adjoining column, was issued at $3.00. Four subsequent editions, in a regular binding, were also issued at $3.00.

Survey Associates took over at a bargain the entire remainder of the first edition, 175 copies, of which 151 copies remain unsold.

They may be had only of us—at $2.00 a copy, postpaid in the United States—while they last.

No more copies will be issued in this form or at this price.

A New Kind of Book

Lectures-in-Print on Behaviorism comprise twelve popular lectures as a stenographer took them down at The People's Institute, New York.

Each lecture is printed as a separate pamphlet.

The whole series is enclosed in a stiff, serviceable cover that looks like a book and acts like a book on your shelves.

But each lecture may be taken out by itself to read or to carry in your pocket.

ORDER NOW AND SAVE $1.00

SURVEY ASSOCIATES, 112 East 19 Street, New York

I enclose $.....(check or money order) for which please send me, by return mail, postpaid in the U. S.,.....copies of Behaviorism by Watson, at $2.00 per copy. (Regular price $3.00.)

Name.....

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Write and Find Out-

"Your daddy won't listen to me. But he will do anything for you. If you will send for the book that tells what the big doctors have found out he will read it. Let's write for it now."

ASK a dozen persons to tell you what they know about insulin and you will get some surprising and contradictory answers. The truth is this: Insulin is not a cure for diabetes, but it is helping to prolong and gladden lives.

To children, especially, insulin has been a wonderful blessing. Before its discovery the development of diabetes in a child meant almost certain and early death.

When Insulin should be used

Men and women usually have a milder form of diabetes than children. In many adult cases it is possible, through diet alone, to keep the disease under control. Today the foremost physicians advise that insulin be used immediately in severe cases, or before surgical operations upon a diabetic, or where the amount of physical work done by the diabetic makes a more liberal diet necessary for comfort.

Until nine years ago, insulin was not even a *word* in our language. So new is this great discovery that it is not safe to make sweeping promises of what it will do, although it has been known to do the seemingly impossible. It has brought men, women and children back from the very brink of death. Because insulin is so powerful it should be used cautiously and only under the direction of the best physician obtainable.

One Million Diabetics

It is estimated that there are one million persons in the United States who have diabetes. No time should be lost in providing insulin treatments for those who need them. Happily, the cost is not prohibitive.

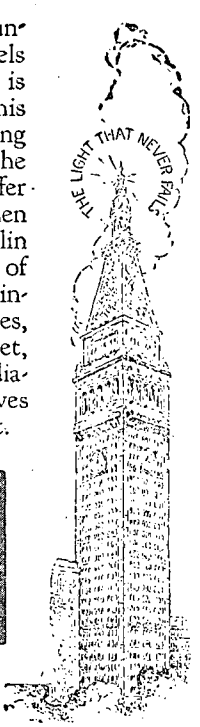
In normal health the body makes its own insulin. It is a secretion of the pancreas, the digestive gland located just below the stomach. Insulin enables the body to use the sugars and starches (carbohydrates) that we eat. When, through disease of the pancreas, the body is no longer able to create its own insulin, diabetes follows. The body cannot then utilize sugars and starches. The first thing to do is to curtail the amount of carbohydrates in the diet and, when necessary, use insulin derived from outside sources.

Diabetes may be caused by an infection of the pancreas as the result of disease in some part of the body; it may be that overeating or some other cause has brought about the disease. The great mass of evidence points to the indulgences of modern life—too much food and too little physical exertion—as being the main factors in producing diabetes.

Diabetes is an insidious disease. Usually in its early stages it gives practically no warning; but even then, its presence can be detected by the chemical tests of a thorough health examination.

Diet plus Insulin

Occasionally a patient, under insulin treatment, feels so much better that he is tempted to abandon his diet and eat everything he wants. But when he does he is likely to suffer a relapse and die. Then insulin is blamed. Insulin does not take the place of diet, but in constantly increasing numbers of cases, carefully supervised diet, plus insulin, is enabling diabetics to live useful lives in comparative comfort.



During the past 25 years diabetes has become such a menace that physicians and scientists have worked unceasingly to fight its advance.

Diabetes is a disease which attacks all ages. It is important to note that in diabetes, as in many other diseases, the age of 30 is, broadly speaking, the dividing line. Overweight, over 30, predisposes to diabetes, and young underweights seem to be more susceptible to this disease.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly send you a booklet, "Diabetes" which tells the intensely interesting life-saving story of insulin.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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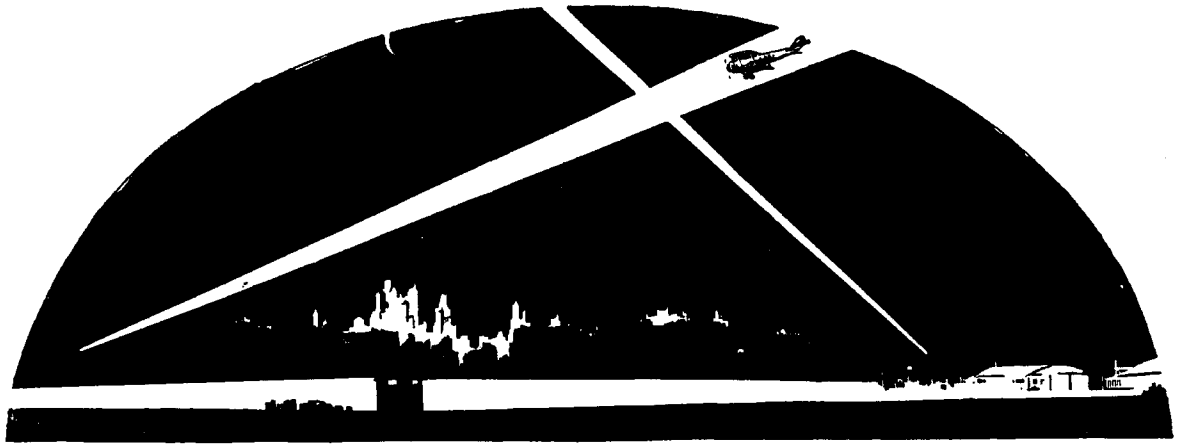

A Beacon Light for Social Workers

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THE SURVEY

MIDMONTHLY

APRIL 15, 1926

SPRING BOOK SECTION

THE SOCIAL WORK SHOP

Articles by

Charles A. Beard
Joseph Herschel Coffin
Robert W. Bruère
S. K. Ratcliffe
Mary Ross
Helene Scheu-Riesz

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East by West

"WE look to the Pacific because there the future lies. It is in the Pacific that things are happening; it is from the Pacific that the news comes. . . . The Pacific assumes more and more the character of a vortex into which the interests of every race and tribe and nation living on its borders are more and more completely involved."—*Robert E. Park.*

What is happening on the Pacific Coast of these United States is not merely one of our typically audacious experiments in the control of racial contact—interesting though that is in itself, and full of significance for all our other experiments in the same troubled borderlands: it is a mirror in which may be discerned some of the forces which in the next century may profoundly alter world politics, economics, and culture. The East by West number of Survey Graphic, to be published May 1, deals in this spirit with the contacts of Asiatics and Americans on both fringes of the Pacific.

THINK of the American scholars who have most intimately studied and most vigorously interpreted our relations with China and Japan, and among them John Dewey and Charles A. Beard will surely come to mind. Both contribute to this number—terse, penetrating comments on the high point of our relations with those two peoples. Robert E. Park, prophet and practitioner of the humanity of sociology, has helped to shape the whole number and writes two articles that plow deep into the subsoil of our race relations with the Orient. Winifred Raushenbush sketches deftly and with genuine sympathy the life that Chinese and Japanese live in typical Pacific Coast communities. Winold Reiss, C. Leroy Baldridge and Clara Cahill Park portray young and old Oriental faces.

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